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ALEX. FRANCIS



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THE MUZZLED OX



“Thou shalt not muzzle the ox
when he treadeth out the corn ”

Deut., Chap. XXV, Ver. 4

andrew
ALEX. FRANCIS

BALTIMORE, MD.

1923

FS #511
R. M. 8
1923

This book is dedicated to my beloved mother who died in 1903, aged 88 years. While possessing a mind probably above the average, she, through no fault of hers, was compelled, without any scholastic training, at a tender age, to begin a half-century struggle with a mentally equipped, merciless world. The story of her life disproves the statement if you never trouble rum, rum will never trouble you.



I wish to express my gratitude to Mr. George F. Nichols and his good wife, Mrs. Anna Nichols, who, while dissenting from many of the ideas advanced in this book, gave me much valuable assistance with the sympathetic grace that accompanies assent and who thereby exhibited true friendship.

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no 1

A STATEMENT.

Some sections of this book should be read as curiosities. While containing much of intentional inaccuracy and extravaganza, they breathe not one word of insincerity. The author is not a poet either born or made; only a writer of verse. The instinct, the concept, the genius, the fire of poetry is wanting and never can be gained. There is as much difference between natural and artificial poetry as between natural and artificial flowers; all, however, may look beautiful.

The following contributions in prose are a few of the many on the various subjects that appeared from time to time in the Baltimore dailies. The captions were used by the Editors, and for their comments we accept no responsibility.

Part I is used as a preface. Parts II-VI is a justification of the action of President Roosevelt in the matter of the acquisition of the "Panama Strip." All nature, beginning with the highest and passing to the lowest, is represented as despondent because of the shameful dishonor heaped on the brave Colonel by succeeding Administrations of the United States of America.

"John Barleycorn," the greatest pest, with his Waterloo and his Doom, comprises Part VII.

Part VIII consists of "A Hymn," "Columbia," "Lines to Colonel Roosevelt," "The Skylark," "The Robin," "The Bluebird," and "Winter."

Part IX, in the main, is a discussion of political economy under the name of Bolshevism. In it is argued that the system of Capitalism is unjust, and should be reconstructed from the ground up. We are aware that the ideas advanced by us are unpopular; but, since "Truth is mighty and will prevail," we face the future with steadfast faith. We write expecting neither present praise nor financial reward, and choose rather to share the afflictions of the oppressed than to enjoy the leeks and garlic of Egypt for a season.

Part X, "A Poetic Fancy," we hope may prove interesting and instructive if not entertaining to the average reader.

THE AUTHOR.

SCRIPTURAL QUOTATIONS.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Mark, Chapter xii, verse 31.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground.—Genesis, Chapter iii, verse 19.

And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him; yea, though he be a stranger, or a sojourner; that he may live with thee. Take thou no usury of him or increase; but fear thy God. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase.—Leviticus, Chapter xxv, verses 35, 36, 37.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—Psalms xli, verse 1.

By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.—Hebrews, Chapter xi, verses 24-26 abbr.

For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.—II Thessalonians, Chapter iii, verse 10.

But ye have despised the poor. Do not rich men oppress you, and draw you before the judgment seats?—James, Chapter ii, verse 6.

But whosoever hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?—I John, Chapter iii, verse 17.

Answers Some Objections To Prohibition.

To the Editor The News—Sir: The principal objections to prohibition are: "It is against personal liberty." "Prohibition does not prohibit." "The revenues of the State are reduced."

In all civilized communities many natural rights must be surrendered for the common good. It must be a call of the wild that would reason otherwise. If people are free to eat and drink what, when and where they please, why are such laws as those against the indiscriminate use of opium—the most valuable remedy known to medicine—enforced? I am not permitted to allay the most intense pain without another's consent. Why forbid the unrestrained use of cocaine? I am no child, but a man. The money is mine—why may I not expend it for lottery, place it in the slot machine, risk it at the gaming table, on policy, etc.? The would-be suicide is not allowed by law to terminate his own miserable existence.

"Prohibition does not prohibit." Laws against larceny, backed up by united public sentiment and enforced by vigilant officers, are persistently violated. Why cannot laws against the saloon be reasonably well enforced in a sympathetic community? This is all local option suggests. The Sunday and election laws are violated by the majority of the saloons; but who says "Repeal those laws"?

As to the revenue features:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Know this, after estimating the cost and price of the saloon, God alone has space sufficient at his command to write out the loss!

Feb. 22, 1909.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

A Resume Of The Theological, Physiological and Historical Arguments Against Alcohol.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: Why should we of the 20th century A. D. have to listen to Christian theologians and Jewish rabbis appeal to a horde of Jews, who lived 3000 or 4000 years ago, to approve or disapprove of the use of intoxicating beverages? Even those barbarians recognized the awful consequences of overindulgence, as many warnings couched in the most forceful language known to man prove.

Suppose men, reckoned good, and so pronounced by God, drank to excess; they also held slaves, had more than one wife at a time, and divorced their wives at their pleasure. Let an

advocate of "personal liberty" attempt any of these feats today. These men had not the light, the result of scientific investigation, and are to be excused. We are now convinced by many infallible proofs that liquor, instead of being a benevolent gift of God to man, is an invention of the devil for man's destruction.

Suppose Martin Luther did drink a schooner of beer—what is that to us? He died 368 years ago and the world, owing mainly to him, has advanced since then. Luther is not considered impeccable or infallible.

There are children, now living, who will describe to their grandchildren the awful results of the use of strong drink, and in reply to the query of the astonished child why the trade was not stamped out, will say: "Do not be too hard on us; in those years we were only half-civilized!"

Feb. 6, 1914.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

Billy Sunday And Hysteria.

To the Editor The Sun—Sir: By all means give us Billy Sunday. We old Methodists are not afraid of "religious hysteria." We have had them under another name. A case of "religious hysteria" is like smallpox—extremely contagious and very purifying; but, unlike that dreaded disease, leaves no bad marks behind. Some years ago a mother "shouted," in a Savannah, Ga., court room, on the acquittal of her son charged with murder; a person is rescued, in the sight of the multitude, from a burning building, and the noise of the multitude is like that of a near battle; a touchdown is scored by the Navy, and the sound is like the roar of Niagara; but let a home run be scored in a baseball world's championship series, and the noise is of an earthquake. But, pshaw! this is not hysteria—this is enthusiasm.

Let a person in church say glory! or hallelujah! when a sinner, lost, undone, rights about and starts for Heaven. That is not enthusiasm—that is "religious hysterics." There is something wrong with his head; put him out; he makes us nervous; he is disturbing the meeting!

Friends and brothers, there are worse things than "religious hysterics"; besides, the dead are immune. Billy Sunday is harshly criticized for extravagant claims as to the deterative qualities of soap. Had he praised beer as a liquid food, an uplifter of morals, and a producer of revenue for the State, censure might be praise with those who are now exercising their little brains by weak attempts to be funny at his expense.

Feb. 28, 1914.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

The Aim Of Prohibition.

To the Editor The American—Sir: A correspondent claims that “prohibition is radically wrong, because it deprives a majority of the people of a good thing.” He shows his sobriety by not attempting to prove that intoxicating liquor is a good thing. Any substance that, when taken into the system as a beverage, affects the recipient in such a manner that “Nobody takes seriously the sayings of an intoxicated person, for all recognize that his brain is in a fever,” cannot be a good thing. Time was when the only security the weak had against the strong was to have nothing worth taking, and the only way for him to keep a wife was to have none that the stronger man desired.

We prohibitionists do not claim that laws will reform the drunkards. Heartless as it may seem, the drunkard’s days are few and full of trouble. Ere long he will be over the “Great Divide.” We expect, by putting up the bars at the other end, to close the procession.

This correspondent objects to the perpetual ferment and bad feeling caused by prohibition. When did intoxicating liquors produce prosperity, peace, good feeling, rest, health, happiness, home and Heaven? My friend, Billy Sunday, says: “Science has now gotten where it can take a dirty shirt out of an alley, which a billy goat would not touch, turn the shirt into glucose, the glucose into sugar, the sugar into booze, the booze into men, and the men into hell.” Rum has already caused enough tears to put out the fires of hell, and enough cries to break the silence of the spheres!

Apr. 3, 1914.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

“As A Native-Born Citizen Of These United States Of America” His Blood Is Stirred To Fever Heat By The Talk About Expressing “Regret” to Colombia.—And Though A Good Billy Sunday Man And A Believer In The Ten Commandments He Thinks It Makes No Difference If Roosevelt Did Steal The Panama Strip; Since Colombia Had Stolen It From The Indians And The Indians Had Stolen It From Somebody Else.

To the Editor The Sun—Sir: As a native-born, free, white citizen of these United States of America I object to this Administration either forming or expressing any “regret,” either “friendly” or unfriendly, for our mode of occupying the Panama strip. Neither am I careful to answer whether or not we fomented the revolution that gave us the opportunity to occupy

it. Like the dog in the manger, Colombia neither could nor would dig the canal, which had become a necessity for the best interests of the world. Thrice the value of this breeding place for yellow-fever mosquitoes was offered and thrice refused.

By what right and title did Colombia hold this territory? No doubt, ownership has changed a thousand times since the creation, each succeeding horde, by force, assimilating seldom, if ever, benevolently, the possessors until the Spaniards arrived. Did these wretches buy the land from the Indians? Not on your life! They took the country by might, and not by right. Enslaving their predecessors, they rioted until their own children cast them out by force of arms and then they immediately endeavored to block progress.

The great and only Roosevelt blazed a way through this wilderness and opened it up to civilization. Now we are to apologize for our virtuous acts. It stirs the fever in the blood of age, so that it is impossible for a genuine American to discuss this question without heat.

Apr. 9, 1914.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

Respect For Law.

To the Editor The American—Sir: We were shocked while reading the headline of an article in your issue of May 7—"Liquor Law A Joke"! and then followed an explanation how it became a joke. That any law should become a joke causes within me a feeling that is akin to pain. In this world for every event there is an adequate cause. Is each person to be allowed to respect or to treat as a joke any law that may not commend itself to him? We may show disloyalty by wearing a small flag concealed as by waving it from the house top; indeed, the latter is more honorable.

The I. W. W., owning no property, deny all property rights, and violate all laws made for its protection, claiming that their rights are being contravened. The property holder urges that such laws are sacred and most vociferously demands their protection. The Prohibitionist strenuously calls for more law and the stricter enforcement of what is already given; while the adherent of the wet side, thinking that liquor is a beneficent gift to man of a beneficent God, yells that his liberty is being destroyed and perhaps imagines that he does God a service by making such laws a joke.

One Eminence states that prohibitory laws change otherwise law-abiding citizens into liars, moonshiners and many new and startling specimens of society—therefore, give us local option!

When we asked for local option our cause was damned with faint praise and when we obtain prohibition we are liable to be made into liars, sneaks, etc., through the grant of our petition.

Perhaps those who are disposed to joke at law may find that their jokes are hastening prohibition. The vast majority of the people of this country are convinced that the use of intoxicating beverages is against the best interests of the country and have sense enough to stop the stream at the fountain's head.

May 18, 1914.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

Give Us More Fairy Tales.

To the Editor The Sun—Sir: Ever and anon learned and labored communications, attacking the credibility of the Barbara Freitchie incident, appear in the daily papers of Baltimore. But, ladies and gentlemen, fellow-citizens! it is in vain and worse than useless. Your time and talents could be put to a more successful, if not more useful, task. Suppose it to be a myth? Ten thousand such persons as you—and this does not imply any weakness on your part—will never succeed in removing it from the minds and hearts of posterity. It reads like true; we wish it were true; therefore it is true! A thousand years from now the young patriots will be heard declaiming, as ever:

“Up rose old Barbara Freitchie then,
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick-Town
She took up the flag the men hauled down.”

Beautiful! too beautiful to die! Why should not Frederick build a monument to Barbara? She put Frederick on the map! In spite of all doubters and dissenters, William Tells continue to show how the apple was pierced, and rejoice with father and son.

Did Horatius, in the good old days of Rome, defend the bridge? Did William Wallace perform the prodigies of valor attributed to him? It matters not. He is a national hero and no one can pluck him out of Scotland's heart. You might just as well attempt to deprive David of the credit of disposing of the giant as to undertake to head off these stories. They are now well on the way and never will be disproved. We are so glad of it, for they make life brighter. Are they fairy tales? If so, give us many more of the same kind, for this old world is full of dismal realities.

June 29, 1914.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

Dr. Francis Can't See Where Whittier Slandered Stonewall Jackson In His Poem.—As For Barbara, He Loves Her, If She Be A Fraud.

To the Editor The Sun—Sir: “Methinks the lady doth protest too much.” It is with much sorrow that we see a trail of ill-feeling in the writings of the opponents of the Barbara Freitchie memorial. It is still in the blood, and nothing short of death will ever get it out. This ill-feeling rises to a flood in a letter signed by the historian of Loudon Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Having as a child fallen in love with Barbara through reading Whittier's poem, with which I am familiar, we are in a position to examine it with intelligence. In what portion of this poem is it even intimated that “Stonewall Jackson ordered the death or worse” of any woman? The entire account is highly complimentary to Jackson, especially when we recall the intense hatred Whittier held against slavery and his fervent love for the stars and stripes. It is true the poet makes him order the destruction of the flag; but even this contributor will not deny that he, on every occasion, ordered the destruction of the defenders of the flag, and which is the worse? The brave boys in blue who went down before Thomas J. Jackson's great military skill could not be replaced, while the flag could.

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on! he said.”

Will someone please point out just where and how Jackson is slandered or his character as a Christian gentleman impugned? It must be fever in the blood that sees things which do not exist. The world never saw a more kindly hearted poet than Whittier, and if he be ruled out of Heaven as a “liar,” it is good-night to the most of us.

Why should the waving of the Star-Spangled Banner, which in triumph still waves, insult anyone engaged in a cause that brings honor to our country? Frederick was insulted by the entrance of the Confederate flag; for Maryland was loyal. Jackson, Jefferson Davis and Lee stood for a cause that got a good licking, which they and their cause richly deserved.

July 7, 1914.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

Dr. Francis Considers Billy Sunday A Direct Descendant Of The Apostles.—And He Administers A Charitable Rebuke To A Wicked Critic.

To the Editor The Sun—Sir: A never-say-die-in-the-last-ditch opponent of Billy Sunday assails him notwithstanding

the miracles Billy is even now performing in Philadelphia, proving his apostleship! Human nature has not changed much since the time of Christ, when some would not be convinced though one arose from the dead to warn them.

The mode of conducting a religious meeting commends itself to us through education and custom. To one unaccustomed to the sight, a shouting Methodist jumping into the air, clapping his hands and crying glory! glory! glory! at the rate of two hundred words to the minute, is the correct thing; while to one unaccustomed to it this appears appropriate only in a mad-house. On the other hand, a dim religious light, incense, processions, intoning, genuflections, etc., while appearing the proper thing to one reared to its use, to the other, the uninitiated, they are theatricals pure and simple.

To God, who charges his angels with folly, both must appear trifling; but looking into the heart of the true worshipper He accepts both. "Satire, sarcasm, invective, jest, doggerel and the antics of a seeming clown" and all other forms of rhetoric and acting may be used to further the glory of God. The devil should have no monopoly of them; give God a chance!

Jan. 11, 1915.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

What Is The Proper Use Of Alcohol?

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: In your issue of May 4 "B." argues against prohibition and toward the last strikes the vital spot. He says:

"They (the people of a large city) object to prohibition because (among other things) they are intelligent enough to realize that the proper use of intoxicating liquors can never be made a moral wrong in the light of common sense. It is intelligence, not weakness, that makes Baltimore different from a Carolina swamp."

But what is the proper use of alcohol? This is the point around which the battle rages. Your correspondent falls down at the supreme moment and so do all the other liquor advocates. Prohibitionists claim that alcohol is a narcotic, habit-forming drug, and, since all other drugs of that class are now on the shelves of the apothecaries, to be dispensed by order of a skillful physician, no exception should be made in the case of alcohol.

A crowd of drunken fools lined up in front of a bar drinking intoxicating liquors, compounded of "wood alcohol, carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury, lead acetate, nitro-benzol—poisons that the druggist sells under a red skull and crossbones," does not exhibit as much sense as a Carolina swamp. The Carolina

swamp will produce rice, but what thing of use will this crowd supply? Their job most surely is non-essential!

May 5, 1915.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

John Wesley vs. The Schoolboys Of Today.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: A correspondent announced the discovery that John Wesley, who died in 1791, was a booze-hoister. Therefore, he argues, that all good Methodists of 1915 should also hoist the poisonous stuff. John Wesley believed in witches and taught that they are enemies of God and man. Therefore, all good Methodists of 1915 should cease to sing "Down with rum!" and give due diligence to clearing the land of witches. John Wesley was a good and wise man. Perhaps he had no equal in his day and generation; still the pupils of our public schools today, who are, say, 12 years of age, know more about the effects of alcohol on the human system than John Wesley did when he was 87.

June 6, 1915.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

Robbery And Rum, Marriage And Mephisto, Bibuli And The Bible.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: We hold this to be self-evident that highway robbery is honorable compared with rum selling. The highwayman does give you some show for your purse when he calls from ambush "Hands up!" His victim may be brave and resourceful enough to enter the contest on equal terms, but the miserable drunken sot vainly imagines it to be the voice of a friend and hilariously hands over his all.

Another correspondent thinks that "logic" is life and would argue that it is not wood alcohol, but an impaired optic nerve, that causes the loss of sight and that law and not liquor sends men to jail. We judge that the devil is the ringleader of the crowd, but since we cannot lay hands on him, as sensible people we propose to lay hands on what we can—that is, his chief weapon—rum.

1915.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

The Wine At Cana.

To the Editor of the Evening Sun—Sir: Our line still holds. That it might have been "Swetchenwasser" that was made by Christ at Cana commends itself to me, in that the word may be one-half right, which is 50 per cent. nearer the published facts than the drinkers of Swetchenwasser have come to yet.

This discussion becomes monotonous. Notwithstanding my warning to disputers to bar grape juice, we have grape juice to the right of us, grape juice to the left of us, grape juice behind us, grape juice in front of us, and grape juice on top of us. But there was no grape juice in this wine either fermented or unfermented.

One reason for suggesting the absence of grape juice from the wine at Cana is that the narrative mentions but three articles—jars, water and wine. Of what significance is the expression “And they filled them (the jars) up to the brim” except it be to spike the guns of those theological agnostics who now claim that this wine was made *a la* root beer?

According to Aristotle and Galen, seven years was the shortest period for keeping wine before it was fit for drinking, and by equally reliable authorities we are informed that much of this wine, made of grape juice, was boiled thick and syrupy and contained little if any alcohol.

A lot of conscienceless men are making use of the fact that Christ by a miracle produced wine fit for human use to induce a lot of idiots to pay big money for the privilege of acting as a poison squad, for the financial benefit of the promoters, through use of their foul imitations. Moreover, there is no occasion, under any conditions, to accuse the Apostles of “lying” since there is but one involved, St. John.

July 7 and 12, 1915.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

Testimony Against Rum.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: Testimony of experts on the rum question. Professor Esche (Dresden)—Not only the immoderate, but the regular use of alcohol influences unfavorably the intellectual capacity of the moral qualities of men.

The Hon. David Lloyd George—Drink is doing more damage to this country than all the German submarines put together.

The Mississippi Supreme Court—Whiskey is a good thing in its place. There is nothing like it for preserving a man when he is dead. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey; if you want to kill a live man, put whiskey in him.

Sir Walter Raleigh—It were better for a man to be subject to any vice rather than drunkenness, for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delights of his beastliness. It dulleth the spirits and destroyeth the body as ivy doth an old tree or as a worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut.

Sir Thomas Lipton—Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets have ever saved.

Theodore Roosevelt—A business that tends to lawlessness on the part of those who conduct it and to criminality on the part of those who patronize it.

Oct. 22, 1915.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

The Churches Should "Sand The Track To Hell," Dr. Francis Thinks.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: Some think that the work of the Christian Church is to oil the road to Heaven, but not to sand the track to hell. Many writers for your Forum complain that the interest the church is now taking in the "wet" or "dry" contest is politics. How liquor or no liquor enters the field of partisan politics is beyond my ken.

If the church is to seek to save its followers in eternity, and not to improve moral conditions in time, it has failed in one of its most important functions. The fact that the lead in all moral reforms is taken by the youngest, rather than by "the eldest," branch of the Christian Church is in fulfillment of the prophecy, "A little child shall lead them."

The Methodist Church, by stirring up things, shows that it is alive and healthy, and for that reason entitled to grow. Some dissenters think that the best way to make a human being morally strong is to place temptation before him and let him gain strength through resistance. These people are wiser in their own eyes than their Creator, Lord and Master, who taught us to pray "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Since "we are coworkers together with God," it is our duty to assist by removing the evil, those trapdoors to hell—the saloons—and thus suffer us not to be led into temptation. If the proper way to upbuild the believer is to have him grow strong by going into and resisting temptation, then let him desert his church and consort with thieves, prostitutes and drunkards.

Why should we be refused the right to stir up enthusiasm through the church and Sunday-school when we know full well, as we often have seen, the brewers, distillers and saloon-keepers have been, are now and will be exercising the opportunity to enthuse their crowd with "Dutch courage"?

In your Forum of June 22 we find the same old familiar lie about W. H. Anderson appearing once more. Mr. Anderson left Maryland because he was offered a similar position in a State seven times as populous as Maryland where his opportunities for work were enlarged and his salary increased.

June 23, 1916.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

Dr. Francis Indulges In Some "Cuss" Words In His Zeal For Political Purity.

To the Editor The Sun—Sir: On examination of a sample Wilson-law ballot, which I possess, the verdict must be that law is a most damnable fraud and a hellish device against democracy. Better an aristocracy, as expressed by the "Huns," in which everyone is guaranteed and given all the rights of his class, than this style of democracy. A similar course in the business world would land the thieves in the "Pen." While in politics these conscienceless rogues may expect to escape the "Pen," they will surely not escape the damnation of hell!

Don't insult my intelligence by supposing that any square man would devise, or suffer to be devised, if in his power to prevent it, a ballot 48 inches long by 18 inches wide, spaced with 15 inches between name and voting squares, without leading lines; and, oh! the supreme villainy, more squares than names of candidates. This ballot is to be opened, marked and refolded, in a booth, perhaps, 24 inches wide, on a board 12 inches in width, by the light of a tallow dip. A clerk could not do it without the aid of a straight edge.

Ah, but you say, it is to be done by all. Not on your life. Place your mark inside the first square, or squares of each division, and, presto, the entire Democratic ticket is elected. Reader, you say the end sought (the disfranchisement of the negro) justifies the means! The Kaiser says the same.

June 26, 1917.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

Yes, And Wilson Has Openly And Consistently Advocated Woman's Suffrage, And Has Received Dozens Of Women Delegations, But When Did He Ever Consent To Support A Federal Amendment?

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: Whether Mr. Malone be a deserter from the President or the President a deserter from Mr. Malone depends on which side of the shield you inspect. Having listened carefully to his address at Allbaugh's, I am prepared to give a connected account of picketing from Mr. Malone's standpoint.

In the campaign immediately preceding the election of Mr. Wilson for the second term, Mr. Malone, as a personal representative of, and with the knowledge of the candidate, made many addresses in the woman suffrage States; more especially in California. In these addresses he assured the women that Mr. Wilson was a friend of their cause, and that in the event of his election, he would openly advocate this measure.

Mr. Malone reminded the newly inaugurated President of these pre-election promises; but he was turned down. A body of ladies, representing this cause, asked the privilege to present a petition; but they also were turned down; and it was then that the picketing began. It having been announced that the pickets were to be arrested on the charge of obstructing traffic, a large crowd gathered to see the fun, and travel was blocked (not by the pickets, but by the crowd). The arrested pickets were denied the right of trial by jury and were illegally sent to Occaquan, where they were subjected to terrorizing influences calculated to break their spirit of resistance. By action of court they were transferred to the District Jail, and after New York had spoken were invited to go free.

Dec. 5, 1917.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

The President May Be A Peculiar Man, But What Kind Of A Man Is This Correspondent?

To the Editor The Sun—Sir: President Wilson is a peculiar man; strange in all things except consistency. In this respect he resembles Pharoah, whose best known expression is “tomorrow.” The President stood calmly on the shore seeing Russia go down for the first time, in the second year for the second time, and in the third year for the third and last time. Now he proposes to use the grappling irons and raise the corpse. To what purpose?

The only assistance the United States gave Russia, worthy of notice, during these long, long years was to sell them munitions of war at war rates, and famine prices, thereby boosting Bethlehem Steel from 50 to 500. We expect little from Russia, but much from the United States, for “Where little is given but little is required.”

March 12, 1918.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

This Champion Of Holiness And The Uplift Favors The Prize Fight.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: Let the Willard-Fulton contest proceed. Pray, why not? I hear the promoters of the fight are to donate a percentage of gate receipts toward winning the war. Personal liberty is at stake. Whose business is it if these distinguished gentlemen choose to pummel each other to jelly? This city, by a majority of between 30,000 and 40,000, favored contests between booze guzzlers and “John Barleycorn” for a small share of receipts, which verdict was encouraged by The Evening Sun.

Fulton may have some chance against Willard, but the average boozier doesn't have a look-in against "Barleycorn."

Reference—The Boston Strong Boy (John L. Sullivan), the noblest Roman of them all, knocked out, not by Gentleman Jim, but by Barleycorn John.

April 1, 1918.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

A Weak And Watery Argument For Prohibition By An Intemperate Temperance Man.

To the Editor The Sun—Sir: The controversy now raging is as follows: Is wine drinking favorable to civilization and it is not, may a wine-drinking people survive? More than one-half of the Jews of the world are in Russia today, so I am informed, which may in part explain the peculiar civilization of those unfortunate people. That Jewish civilization has persisted in spite of wine, beer, whiskey, and all other kinds of booze, is no proof that wine drinking is necessary or even favorable to Western nations. That we Americans may safely imitate the Jews is given a jolt when we read that the Israelites passed dryshod through the Red Sea, which the Egyptians, essaying to do, were drowned.

That there are individual Huns, Chinese, Hottentots and South Sea Islanders superior to me as to physique, mind, morals, and faith is freely confessed, but three-fourths of us Americans would shout for joy should the boozers among the Jews plant their banner on Mount Zion and stay there.

The greatest example of justice, fraternity and liberty the world ever saw came to Israel, but His teachings were so foreign to their civilization that He was promptly repudiated and cast out. The actions and words of both hierarchy and mob cause one to suspect that they were filled with wine, both old and new.

Aug. 20, 1918.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

"If any man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the saloon, I will spend the rest of my life working for the liquor people." A man in the audience arose. "I consider my business an honest one," he said, "and it has undoubtedly been helped by the saloon." "What is your business?" yelled the orator. "I, sir," responded the man, "am an undertaker."

When you are asked to drink, my son, and have half a mind to accept the invitation, remember that if you had a whole mind you wouldn't.—*John Burns.*

Cardinal Gibbons says: "Intemperance has caused little children to be hungry and cold, to grow up among evil associates, to be reared without the knowledge of God. It has broken up more homes and wrecked more lives than any other curse on the face of the earth."

When you down booze, that is personal liberty; when booze downs you, that is slavery.—*Selected.*

Billy Sunday says: "The saloon sent the bullet through the body of Lincoln. It nerved the arm of the assassins who struck down Garfield and McKinley."

"Well," said the farmer, "if your saloon will help the town, draw trade and improve business, they ought to give you a bounty instead of making you pay a high price for the privilege of starting a saloon."

"Nock" urges that Congress ought to investigate the liquor traffic before rashly prohibiting it. All of which is very much like urging the Methodist General Conference to make an investigation of hell before fighting against it.

Father C. P. Baron says: "What about the good saloon? I never heard of one. My honest opinion is that the good saloon is the bad saloon, and the better the saloon, the worse saloon, and the best saloon, the worst saloon."

Father Mullen, of Hudson, Mass., says: "Those who lose their jobs under no license have as much right to complain as the undertakers, hearse drivers and grave diggers have against the physician who cleans up a yellow-fever pestilence."

A Prohibitionist Calls The President "A Criminal" Because Mr. Wilson Does Not Think It Is A Crime To Drink Beer.

To the Editor The Sun—Sir: "Waste is more than foolish under present conditions—it is criminal." Thus spoke an eminent divine, and so say we all; therefore, all who waste, and all abettors and aiders of waste, are criminals. To waste food is to place it where it will produce no adequate return.

A great daily says: "If the Senate wishes to celebrate the Fourth of July in the most patriotic manner possible, it will quit disputing over the question of drink and settle the question of food." Brave words, but words only; for to manufac-

ture this kind of drink the food must not only be destroyed as such, but be converted into a poison to destroy the efficiency of the user. If this is not waste—therefore a crime—and all aiders and abettors, including our President, criminals, then I am *non compos*.

Does anyone imagine that millions of loaves of bread being cast into the vats of the brewers and distillers will be calculated to produce content in the hearts and minds of those who are advised to eat less or finally starve? We propose to fight it out on this line if it takes the whole war. The most absurd thing about this whole fraud is this—to the soldiers, sailors and children of this country this foodstuff is a total loss, for, after its conversion into strong drink, no person in the uniform of Uncle Sam, and no child, is permitted to buy any of it.

July 2, 1919.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

*If A Man Has A Right To Store Up Money Against A Day of
Famine, Had He No Right To Store Up Booze Against
The Day Of Drouth?*

To the Editor The American—Sir: Mr. G. says: "I wish Mr. Francis would tell me why the Anti-Saloon League is so insistent upon the policy of permitting men of means to store up vast quantities of liquors for their homes for future consumption." The League is not "insistent" on this question, but faces "a condition, and not a theory."

It is not from choice, but from dire necessity, that this policy is acquiesced in. These "men of means" are powerful and block the track. It is not the fault, therefore, of the League that this hypocrisy characterizes this reform, but it is the fault of these "men of means." Separate these "men" from their "means" and they will become shorn Samsons.

We Bolsheviks propose to separate these "Napoleons of Finance" from their surplus means; then good-bye surplus whiskey. Why has not a man as much right to store up whiskey against a time of drouth as for the same individual to store up vast sums of property against a day of famine? Will he characterize the laws and customs that lead to this injustice as hypocrisy?

July 3, 1919.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

*An Eminent Moralist Now Has Added Bolshevism To His
Pet "Isms."*

To the Editor Evening Sun—Sir: A sailor explaining how prize money was distributed said: "It is sifted through a ladder; what falls between the rungs the officers get; what sticks

to the rungs goes to the sailors." It is true that the rungs have been enlarged, lately, but the lion's share still goes to the officers. We Bolsheviks propose to change this mode of distribution and give all to the sailors; officers being expected to qualify as sailors.

The reward of labor may appear large, but it is only by comparison that anything appears small or large. The salary of the maintenance laborer is a mere bauble compared with that of the president of the road; and the salary of this president is trifling compared with the income of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, Mellon, Ford, *et al.*! Does not the maintenance-of-way toiler, who receives 25c. per hour, together with his family, need as much food, require as much clothing, and call for as many cubic inches of house room as these magnates? Do not the toiler's children merit as good living conditions and education as their children?

Those "one-dollar-per-year men" who worked so hard for the Government received their usual income from other sources, and we are not such silly geese as to be caught honking for these financial camouflaging patriots. We see by your paper that the distillers intend to regulate the whiskey traffic by selling their poisons through the stores. Too late, gents. There is coming a time when God, becoming tired of regulating hell, proposes to cause it to be swallowed up. We are now so tired of regulating the saloons that we intend to see that they are swallowed up by orderly process of law.

Aug. 27, 1919.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

*An Eminent Moralist Would Welcome E. W. G. Into The Fold
After Delousing And Fumigation.*

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: An irresponsible individual charges that the Methodists are leaders of the psalm singers in this part of the world; whereas the Methodists are not psalm singers at all. This is plainly shown when we recall that the very latest hit among us is that popular hymn "Good-bye, Forever, Saloon!" This great favorite is not even a mythical version of any Psalm.

He next says we are trying to stop horse racing; whereas we are only trying to stop betting on the races. We never made an attempt to close a single saloon; we sought to remove intoxicating liquors from the saloon. This, it is claimed, is taking joy out of life; but we Methodists hold that it is putting joy into the drunkard's home, and that his "personal liberty" is not worthy of consideration.

Since the Bolsheviks are so busy destroying the church all persons in the same business should pray for their success and not throw cold water on us Bolsheviks. The Methodist Church will, as in the past, welcome all wanderers from the straight and narrow path to its fold, after the usual fumigating and delousing process, to which all are compelled to submit. We place our converts in soak for the space of six months, technically called taking them in on probation.

May 13, 1920.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

Bank Presidents Should Walk And Let Grubbers And Ditchers Use Their Automobiles, Says Alex. Francis, Who Will Fight It Out On This Line.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: On or about June 24 I wrote that, for every reason advanced why the bank president should ride to and from his office, and the grubber and ditcher walk to and from his toil, I engage to give two equally as good reasons why the grubber and ditcher should ride, and the president walk.

Within a few hours some "Smart Aleck" transformed this obvious fact into "Alex. Francis contends that bankers should be deprived of automobiles for the benefit of faithful grubbers and ditchers." Ere long some idiot, *a la* "three black crows," will have it that Bolshevik Francis claims that faithful grubbers and ditchers should be made bank presidents, and the bank presidents put into the ditch. We hold to no such theories. Place each man where he is best fitted; the vast difference in reward for faithful service is the point of attack.

One reason, among many, why the president should walk of his own accord is this: he is compelled, to get the necessary exercise for health, to play golf, etc., out of office hours, while the laborer is only too glad to rest. Walking is the most healthful exercise known to man. Automobiles are not a necessity, anyhow; let all mingle with the common herd in public conveyances.

July 10, 1920.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

A Great Moralizer Has Seen Three Of His Reforms Go Across And Now Wants Christian Bolshevism.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: That when we say "We demand that every child born into the world shall, at its birth, receive its pro rata share of elbow room," we mean that every child, at its birth, shall have a silver spoon thrust into its mouth, is too nonsensical for consideration, much less for answer.

The character of the spoon concerns us but little, what the spoon contains is the vital substance. If there be enough silver in the world to supply a silver spoon for each child, we vote for that kind of spoon, which, when taken on the whole, is the most desirable metal for spoons. The situation to which we object is that which supplies several silver spoons to one child, while the other must be satisfied with one of brass.

If on account of the scarcity of silver, an alloy be necessary, then my child should have as high silver grade alloy as any other child in the whole round world, for he is just as worthy, and the fact that he happens to be my child is an accident of birth, for which he has no responsibility.

Let "Considerate Parent," or any other considerate person, answer the following question: Why should one child have \$20,000 per year poured down its throat while another, in all respects just as worthy, be compelled to tug at the breast of a frail woman in order to get a few drops of nourishment while she, with but one hand free, washes clothes? The first condition has been pictured to me; the second, I have seen. But you villains will say the second situation was the result of laziness, improvidence, intemperance, etc. Perhaps so; but, if so, why should the innocent child suffer?

That "the bloodthirsty, cruel-hearted, white-livered Bolsheviki" should deal so leniently with children as to allow them to use all their spare time in play is a contradiction of human nature, for "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

Three great epochs, in which we bore an humble part, have marked my life—Abolition of slavery, prohibition of strong drink and woman suffrage. Now, may the good Lord spare my life to see a fourth—Christian Bolshevism—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The fourth great miracle is destined to be—The reign in triumph of the Bolsheviki."

Aug. 18, 1920.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

Hogs And Humans.

To the Editor The Sun—Sir: A "Sunbeam" published in your journal of this date says: "The most distressing thing about poverty is the fact that other people are rich." To this statement we wish to add a hearty amen, and further add that the cause of this "most distressing" situation is the fact of its lack of necessity. In this blessed country of superabundance the necessity for poverty is not apparent. There is enough for

each, enough for all, if not enough forevermore. The fact that the "other people are rich" is the explanation why the many are poor. The rich are fertilized beyond the needs of nature.

In a hogpen to find some lean and rangy, while others are fat and sleek, proves that some of the hogs are stronger or more cunning than the rest, but all may have been equally diligent in pursuit of food placed before them. We have seen many a little runt shoved entirely out of the trough by his huskier brother or sister and the same applies to the rooters of the forest.

Give to each hog an individual trough and ration him according to its need; that is, let him have what he will apply to proper use. This is the theory of Bolshevism, of the Golden Rule, the Royal Law and is the coming thing.

Jan. 21, 1921.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: Why should the goose that lays the golden egg be suffered to live? The one that lays the ordinary egg is the more valuable, since it is the one that keeps the goose family going. "Fair Play" asks one question, "Does Bolshevism better the condition of the child?" Whether Russian Bolshevism does or not we cannot say, since so little is known in America of the true conditions in that distressed country. We know that Russia is compelled to place a ring of fire around herself to keep out fierce human beasts.

I am a Bolshevik! Many persons braver than I would not dare to announce this; but having no wife or little ones to carry, it does not cost me much to be brave. My slogan is—The blackest child found in the alligator swamps of Georgia should have an equal opportunity possessed by the \$20,000 per year child of the North and West. Pull the child out of the swamp; give it a chance in life! It will pass this way but once. Life, even in this, the best country of the world, is very uneven, therefore an unjust race; and the strong should be compelled to bear the infirmities of the weak.

"Our present laws and form of government and society are as perfect as human ingenuity can make them," says "Citizen." There is nothing perfect in religion, nature or state. Darwin claimed that after 10,000,000,000—a few more or less years—nature is still on the road to perfection. St. Paul, in religion, asserts that he was going on to perfection; and government in this grand and glorious country was lately improved by the enactment of two amendments to the Constitution.

The Editors of the newspapers are the slaves of the moneyed interests that own the press. So long as they satisfy their bosses they are secure in their positions; otherwise off go their heads! They are parrots, not men, and we cannot well condemn them, for they must live.

That "Here we pay taxes according to our wealth generally speaking" is contrary to facts, for the man who rents the house pays not only the taxes, but all other expenses. The bulk of the rich man's taxes are thus handed down to the ultimate consumer. Since the laborer and his dependents consume all he gets, his assessment is out of all proportion to the wealthy.

March 12, 1921.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

In A Long Life He Has Had Less Than A Teaspoonful Of Whiskey.—No Wonder He Is A Prohibitionist And A Bolshevik.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: "I defy Dr. Francis to prove that God ever called Noah anything but a good man." That proves nothing; David committed a series of most infamous crimes, and yet God called David a man after His own heart. God never directly or indirectly, made one drop of an intoxicating beverage. The grape or berry, if permitted to remain on the vine, will gradually dry up, and if removed and exposed to the air, will do the same. To secure vinous fermentation the grape, berry or juice must be protected from evaporative processes. Grain, if kept dry, will remain as it is for centuries; if kept moist will sprout, but not develop alcoholic properties.

A man, who ought to know better, says that God did not consider it a crime to get drunk. Hear what Paul, an inspired mouthpiece of God, says: "Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God." This is not a bevy of beauties. Whether God considers it a crime to get drunk is not being discussed. The Constitution of the U. S. forbids the manufacture, for sale, of intoxicating beverages, and all must say amen! or prove themselves anarchists.

"Hoping I may meet 'Alex.' some day and take a drink with him, I sign myself Fair Play." This hope is vain; for, even before arriving at the age of discretion, we had too much sense to drink poison, and during a long life all the whiskey I ever drank, as a beverage or medicine, would not fill a teaspoon.

Sept. 25, 1922.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

A Question Of Percentage.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: Appleton's Encyclopedia says: "Fermentation is retarded or arrested by the action of various substances. An accumulation of about 15 per cent. of alcohol arrests it." Winston's, a later authority, says: "Wine, containing more than 13 per cent. of alcohol, may be assumed to be fortified with brandy or spirits." Therefore, if anyone made wine 18 to 20 per cent. alcoholic, it must have been "fortified with brandy or spirits."

The port and sherry of 35 per cent. and domestic wines of 28 per cent., mentioned in communications, were all fortified wines. The light wines, of which we are hearing so much, are unfortified—that is, not reinforced with distilled liquors; to wit, brandy or spirits. Brandy is distilled wine, while spirits is a distillate from grain, etc., of about 50 per cent.

I usually fortify my position with facts before pronouncing pronunciamientos; but am well advanced in age and experience. All correspondents, I hope, will learn in this school of experience, if they will not learn in any other. To say that cider is mostly made to be used as an intoxicating beverage is foolishness. Cider is prepared principally for conversion into vinegar, whereas whiskey, wines and beer for beverage purposes almost entirely.

Sept. 8, 1922.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

The Spartacus Of Bonedryness Defies The Gladiators of Rum.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: Everyone should know by this time that we quote Scripture when it is necessary to bolster up an otherwise doubtful argument; but in the case of amen! among anarchists, it is but giving that which is holy to dogs and casting your pearls before swine, combined with carrying coals to Newcastle.

As to the statement, "Strange to say, however, none of our great men of the past or present can" (say that they had too much sense to drink poison). Like Spartacus, I can say that for thirteen years I have met in the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rum could furnish and never yet lowered my arm. If there be any three among the Knights of Rum that dare meet me on the bloody sands, let them come on! Yet I was not always a savage butcher of much more savage men.

In the meanwhile, that purse of \$500 remains in the bank awaiting the champion of the rummies who imagines that he

can give one sound, solid, sensible reason why light wines and beer should be allowed and whiskey tabooed.

Oct. 6, 1922.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

He Thinks The Evening Sun "Will Be A Bolshevik By and By."

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: The following extract from an editorial in "The Evening Sun" of this date started a series of thoughts in my mind: "For it is clearly obvious that most governmental regulation of roads has been in effect a case of running the roads for the 2,080,000 jobholders rather than for the benefit of shippers and stockholders."

Reading between the lines, we conclude that the order of beneficiaries advocated by you is shippers, stockholders, jobholders. We, the Bolsheviki, congratulate you in your progress!

Don't lose your nerve, and never say die,
And you'll be a Bolshevik by and by.

The order was stockholders, jobholders, the public be——! Well, how can we say it? We cannot express our exact meaning always in words. We, the Bolsheviki, contend that the order should be jobholders, shippers, stockholders be ——!

That our view is correct is proved by Scripture. Paul, in I Corinthians, ix., 14, says: "The Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel"; and, for the same reason, they who operate the roads should live by the roads. This does not debar the stockholders from living off the roads. Let them go to work on the roads and become, thereby, preferred creditors.

Oct. 19, 1922.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

This Noted Moralist Approves The Assassination Of The Priests in Russia.

What has occurred recently in Russia to justify so much expressed indignation against that country? We might suppose that when the Romanoff regime sent the wretch, who by accident opened his mouth a little wider than usual, to the Siberian mines to die a long-drawn-out death everything was serene in Russia; but when a prelate convicted of treason is called upon to face the firing squad for an up-to-date death all humane souls are "disgusted."

Why has not Russia the same right to define and punish treason as any other sovereign nation? We are well aware

that some fossils still insist that ecclesiastics should be tried in ecclesiastical courts. Why should treason, which is a political offense, be tried in that court? Such a course would not be followed in the United States of America.

Eugene V. Debs was sentenced to Atlanta penitentiary for ten years because he resisted draft in time of war. A Russian priest was sentenced to ten years for resisting the efforts of the government to preserve human beings from starvation. With treasures of jewels and precious stones in his control, millions were starving, and, notwithstanding the clearest admonition of Scripture, this "hireling" of the fold would rather see his flock perish of hunger than be separated from the ornamental wealth of the church. How dwells the love of God in him? His execution would not be slaying a Christian; even the heathen has a more kindly heart than this false shepherd.

Take it from me, should Mexico and Russia today open their resources to exploitation of capital, recognition would follow tomorrow without their "barbarisms" being even mentioned against them.

Russia did in one year what we failed to do in fifteen—that is, made "a good little girl" out of Emma Goldman. Russia has been lied about more than any other nation since the dispersion of Babel.

April 10, 1923.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

All The Wets Will Finally "Get to Hell," He Says.

To the Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: As usual I was stirred to my inmost depths on reading the following headlines of your edition of this date, "Liquor Sale Control Nets Quebec Big Sum. Canadian Province Has Surplus of \$5,000,000 As Result Of Plan In Effect. Wipes Out War Burdens. Money Spent On Education and Good Roads. Observer Impressed."

We presume that this surplus and also the wiper out of war burdens are the profits from the liquor transported by "fleets of automobile trucks" across our borders. Thus Quebec gets good roads and education, together with the removal of war burdens, while we get the booze. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, the makers and sellers of booze get the money, while the drinker gets liquid damnation. All participants will finally get to hell, for beyond Quebec lies hell.

July 23, 1923.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

His Knowledge Of The "Register Of Heaven" And The Scriptures Proves To Him That All Wets, Especially Editors, Will Go To Hell.

The knowledge that all the participants in the dissemination of booze will finally get to hell is arrived at through the process of elimination, and is based on the fact that the register of Heaven shows no arrivals of the wets. As there are but two places, we logically decide that they go to hell.

The conclusion that the makers and sellers of booze, together with sympathetic editors, are between the drinkers, and the fire is based on the eternal fitness of things.

July 30, 1923.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

But, Sir, Can "Father Abraham" Really "Send" Anybody "From Hell?"

To The Editor The Evening Sun—Sir: "Hast thou found me, O, mine enemy?" On February 9, 1917, "Dr. Zechia Judd" announced through the public press: "I shall not offend Dr. Francis by personal reference further," etc. Thus for six brief, happy years we were free of this pest. We often wondered what had become of the witty Doctor, and on reading his effusion of the first instant we said, in our haste, Father Abraham has relented and sent Dr. Judd from hell to warn the "Wets" of the United States, lest they come to that place of torment; but finding that they will not hear him, he attacks me as a shining mark.

With more than Satanic duplicity he argues. Place in Heaven all that God's Word places in hell, and thus your friends will increase for multitude as the sands of the seashore, while the foundations of your enemies will be blown from beneath them.

Nay, nay, Dr. Judd. We are old and close to judgment. We have more sins on our souls than we are able to answer for, so why should we add to the guilt of having read Voltaire and Thomas Paine the sin of lying?

The others mentioned (Heine, Shakespeare, Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer), more especially Heine and Shakespeare, are not quite so rotten, although Heine "called the Devil and he came," showing too great familiarity with Satan.

Aug. 8, 1923.

ALEX. FRANCIS.

PART I.

THE APOLOGY.

Why class this with lyrics and epics sublime?
Effusions are often but prose set to rhyme!
A bald extravaganza, conglomerate,
May prove itself modest, sincere, up to date.
While we, with a whole heart, applaud the hero,
Forecast not a novel, but a curio.
Accept this for granted: we have no intent
To write a love story, but an argument.
The lack of perfection may not be to fail;
These lines are endeavoring to blaze a trail;
The footprints, left by a wandering calf, may
Become a Dixie or a Lincoln Highway!
Now, do not conclude that it probably took
But one fleeting day to construct this small book;
For whoever observed one bee in one hour,
Though sipping the honey from each sweet flower,
That works with ardor, and labors with skill,
The tiniest of hives with nectar to fill?
This product from whatever point it is viewed,
Like olives, if relished, must be slowly chewed.
This one little favor the author would ask—
Peruse without bias or don't start the task!
Why change one inapt word—even a letter,
Without introducing something that's better?
If any crass bulls on your eagle eye burst,
You are my good friend—let me hear of it first!
This cover, with all its diversified lore,
Will cost you one dollar—we're glad it's no more.
If you think 'tis lacking in good common sense,
The time that you gave it a loss represents,
Why hurl this poor, blameless hodgepodge in the fire
And give indication of folly and ire?
Just pass it along to the very next man
That meets you, and be as polite as you can!
Hyperboles you'll find abundant, of course—
We got all these arts from rhetorical source.
The bulk of humanity seek eminence;
We find our chief comfort in children's defense.
Parnassus presents a long, tiresome upgrade,
On low, second or high the ascents are made.
No matter the gear or the car's name, we ken
The summit is reached by exceptional men!

THE DEFENSE.

Perhaps some of my very best friends will say:
"The cost of production this book will not pay;
The author has squandered many good dollars,
His work will be scouted by all bright scholars.
The perfume will cling to the breath of the rose
While Poetry's pride spurns the unadorned Prose.
This ninny had better provided a pall,
Should have a design when he gets the last call;
A slab of carved stone mark the place of his rest,
When orders are issued for him to go West.
The price of conveyance to graveyards is high;
It costs much to live, but it costs more to die!
And coffins and caskets, the price lists all teach,
Are out of all reason—almost out of reach.
A hospital bill will executors meet."
"Hold on," says another; he'll fall dead on the street;
This labor's but wastage of paper and ink,
And into Sheol with himself it must sink!"
It makes little difference how I may go;
But slight variation these charges will show.
So let us be cheerful and freely admit
Expenses will eat up my very last bit.
Well, if cheap as the dirt, or high as the sky,
No one in the world loves designs more than I!
You talk like a dummy, or like a blockhead;
May anyone love them when once he is dead?
Remote in a churchyard, how many will see
The marble slab you would make ready for me?
Though cross and crown that memorial emboss,
A race would be staged between dust and the moss;
And, what though concealed in some little nook,
No worse fate can follow this poor, little book.
But, should your work fail or abundantly thrive,
Endeavor to start on the task while alive!
And we are assured, whatever is said,
That we cannot give service when we are dead.
The slick, philanthropic millionaires propose
Of tainted accumulations to dispose—
They lie awake many nights, study a plan;
In dreams, while wide awake, many a scheme scan;
They go to a bright lawyer, who draws up the will;
Sweet musings of goodness their purged spirits thrill;

Are laying up treasures in Heaven above!
Their hearts are o'erflowing with faith, hope and love.
Years go by apace, the hour of death is come,
A panic strikes them—it is the great Lord's bomb!
The life has been brief, the race so quickly run;
A knock at the door—their work is not begun!
They would draw on Heaven's bank, and say, "Dear Lord,
While on earth we read, in your most Holy Word,
That he who gives to the poor lendeth to Thee,
And what has been bestowed Thou will guarantee."
The Lord, while looking on their nakedness, will say:
"You brought nothing to the world—took naught away!
And death, not your own will, did that hand unclasp,
And cause those millions to escape from its grasp!
There's nothing to your credit! The note's now due—
You'll not get the crown that was purchased for you!
Where's the wedding garment? Why! your lamp's gone
out—

This vessel's empty; there is no oil about!
Why get in the wrong line, why faced the wrong way?
Commands have no force—it is too late to pray!
You cheated all the day—lay awake all night
Devising a plan to beat a luckless wight;
You have been a slacker, are on the black list;
Your service we no longer need—you're dismissed!"

THE START.

The wandering savage saw things in his walks,
And made mention of them in cursory talks.
His son and successor would add facts anew,
And thus, step by step, the catalogue grew—
Widening, ever rising, from age to age,
While broad'ning and deep'ning, with times chang-
ing page.

We stood by the tide that flows on to the seas,
That correlates the shoreless eternities;
We saw something float on the breast of the stream,
And eagerly grasped the prize to redeem.
It looked very much like the snakes we had seen
On brown, dusty highways and in pastures green.
My father informed me that this letter S
Is seldom, if ever, companionless;

All of this species might easily be found
 If I, with patience, should search around;
 These letters arranged would furnish the key
 To open the door of learning to me—
 These, placed in position, would knowledge convey,
 And drive ignoramus, a demon, away!
 We've stood by that stream, in sunshine and rain,
 With more or less diligence sought to obtain
 A few of the pebbles that lined the broad shore,
 Or driftwood that floated, of which there was store.
 By mind's tympanum these fancies were heard;
 These musings to paper will now be transferred.
 Ours but the arrangement on table and shelf;
 No creature of this show was made by itself!
 He, who copies, no great credit should claim—
 For authors, not apes, grace the temples of fame!
 In few hard places, to words with age hoary,
 We merely gave an additional story.

THE ASCENT.

We start in with the alphabet A, B, C,
 And go on at a snail's pace to X, Y, Z—
 Before they have reached the last letter in line,
 The first is forgot by eight boys out of nine.
 The O, S and X are quite easy, of course—
 O is a ring, S a snake, X a saw-horse;
 The D is for pig-yoke and votes Democrat—
 No bright colored citizen ever makes that;
 While R is the ox-yoke, with one bow let go—
 'Tis Republican, any black man may know;
 But when we arrive at the U and the V,
 We are lost in the maze of uncertainty.
 A-b abs; e-b, ebs; assiduity invite,
 While other combines rise as swarms on our sight.
 On this endless road, getting grim and grimmer,
 At last we are able to read the primer.
 But of all things that are taught, spelling's the stuff!
 D-o-u-g-h is do and t-o-u-g-h is tuff.
 These four rules, we're to observe—open our v's,
 Dot our i's, close our o's and cross our t's.
 To grasp the three R's takes a quickwitted mind,
 Demanding some years of continuous grind.

The liberal arts we must closely pursue;
And liberal sciences we must chase, too—
Grammar, rhetoric, physics, geometry,
With poetry, music, and astronomy,
Require many a year of labor and care,
These hard grades to surmount on high or low gear.
And when at the last we become Ph. D.,
The top of the mountain, perhaps, we may see—
The prospect's sublime, and heavenly the air,
With clouds at our feet the sky must be fair!
The head packed with knowledge, all obstacles past,
We cackle on gaining the summit at last;
But, peaks upon peaks arise up to the sky—
Old age has seized us; it is now time to die!

PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

Brave Roosevelt, our "Teddy," come back into power,
Rule over our country, if but for an hour;
And by your brave counsel that vision unfold
That nerved our loved Lincoln 'mid perils untold!
Oh, you were the valiant, the noble and true,
Who always stood up for the red, white and blue!
Some weasel-word statesmen ruled over our land,
With hearts in their mouths and in backbone no sand.
Oh, well does their country this option now rue—
Despite all we might say and all we could do
To screw up their courage 'mid war's wild alarms,
Fear weakened their knees—made flabby their arms!
Yes; we are a byword at home and abroad—
A jest is our motto, "Our trust is in God!"
"Don't give up the ship!" from our record's erased;
"Oh, where is the foe?" from our song is effaced!
Valley Forge, and Concord, no hurrahs inspire;
Yorktown, and Cowpens, to oblivion retire;
The "Bon Homme Richard," and "Old Ironsides,"
Are sunken—neglected—in mud and the tides!
Why, "Uncle Sam" raves—Old Glory's in dust;
The sword's in its scabbard, both covered with rust;
No clarion announces our Fourth of July—
Violins and violas soft music supply!

PROTEST.

Our Sergeant, "Moll" Pitcher, laughs—sure it was fun;
The "Red Coats" at Monmouth did little but run.
But "Old Rough and Ready," and "Tippecanoe,"
Give way to despair—are decidedly blue!
Why, Hancock and Adams, with Franklin and Lee,
Will blush, if but noticed in good company!
The spirits of Marion and heroic Hale,
In protest, re-enter the dark Stygian vale,
Warren, with Putnam, Allen, Morgan and Wayne,
Dejected, meander Elysian's bright plain!
Charles Carroll of Carrollton—Maryland's son—
Will answer no longer to, of Carrollton;
While Jefferson and Hamilton disagree
On making the world safe for democracy!
With Arnold, the traitor and foul renegade,
Gehenna is marching in full-dress parade;
The devils guffaw with counterfeit mirth,
Their praises acclaiming the traitors on earth.
But, Wells and McComas, of eighteen-fourteen,
Are glad they are dead and escaped the sad scene;
And Francis Scott Key, he of lyric renowned,
Has turned in his grave with his face to the ground.
Where is Santa Claus (that most lovable soul!)
Why he's with Doctor Cook—he's at the North Pole!

EXPLANATION.

You beg the occasion of all this disgrace;
Why falleth the tear that dishonors the face!
We took up some swamp land—to dig a big ditch—
The Atlantic, Pacific, in union to hitch.
The country with fever and ague was dank;
Stegomyiæ by billions press rank on rank.
It blocked the whole wide world the day it was made,
And never had heard of plow, harrow or spade.
Do you know a game sport, in second-hand biz?
We'll swap the whole quagmire for a wornout "Liz."
A few thousand acres of good Maryland earth
Would fetch much more money than Panama's worth.
Colombia, essaying to drive a sharp trade,
Refused every proffer that Uncle Sam made.

Manana (tomorrow) 'mong "Rough Riders" not
heard—

They have so little use for such a slow word!
Palaver to them a grievous vexation;
Manan is cut short by swift annexation!
The ditch scarce completed and bill about paid,
With four hundred millions, young Jonathan made,
Up steps old "John Bull" our Washington thrashed,
And Commodore Perry on Lake Erie smashed,
Whom Paul Jones lambasted in many a fight,
Then England's proud scarlet grew pale with affright.
After Bennington's battle doughty "Jack" Stark
Shouts "Molly's no widow, I'm gay as a lark!"
At McHenry's fort, "the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there,"
And "Old Hickory" Jackson bold New Orleans saved,
The Star-Spangled Banner in triumph still waved.
"I see," said this bluffer, "the ditch is no toy,
And too big a job for my brave little boy;
I'll run it," says "John Bull"—our eagle's in tears—
Brave Roosevelt yet lives; we blush for our fears!



COLOMBIA.

Colombia, the misnamed, away to our south,
With brazen effront'ry now opens her mouth;
And this the most popular melody sung:
"Our honor's insulted, our pocketbook's stung;
Castilian blood flows through our brave hearts,
And virtue, not golddust, abounds in these parts!
Discussions on honor repay not one's toil,
But business is business since we struck oil.
A few million dollars, if wisely expended,
Makes honor's breach to be happily mended."
That pigmy of heart and dwarfish of soul
Cries, "Give back our Eden your President stole!"
And never with living and never 'mong dead
Can be found the brave boys by Bolivar led!
Stand up, poor Indian, lift up your right hand;
Now tell us how white men got your native land!
"With gunpowder strong, like thunder it rolls;
With firewater stronger they ruined our souls."

For lust of the golddust despoiled our fair strand—
 No mother was sacred in that ravaged land!
 The baby unborn from the mother was torn;
 The infant in arms far better unborn;
 They slaughtered the father, made slave of the son;
 Dishonored the daughter—My God, this was done!
 Recall not the story; my heart strings are wrung,
 With horror affrighted, and frozen my tongue!"

Our lawyers report the title's much tainted;
 Conditions far worse than ever were painted;
 That many more wrongs are being concealed
 Than even the records existent revealed;
 Yet, dastards at will the brave Colonel defame,
 Dishonor would cast on our Theodore's name;
 And jackals, hyenas and coyotes, 'tis said,
 Are growing more ghoulish—"Our Teddy" is dead!



PART III.

THE HEAVENS.

The Sun's in despair, the Moon hides her face;
 Venus and Mars feel the sting of disgrace!
 Mercury, the herald, in fright has run
 For safety's assurance next to the Sun!
 On Jupiter's face appears a rainbow,
 'Tis draped in black crepe—it surely looks so!
 The rings around Saturn—so runs the tale—
 Begin to look most suspiciously pale;
 Uranus, grown more eccentric, they say,
 Has lengthened his night and shortened his day.
 From old Neptune, so removed from our sight,
 We look for bad news 'most any clear night.
 In belt of Orion, that star-decked sword,
 Is flashing less bright, the savants record.
 And nebulae remote, in heaven's blue,
 Are fading from sight and lost to our view!
 Taurus, the Bull, by the Pleiades wooed,
 Retires to "innocuous desuetude."
 Bold Cancer, the Crab, has lost his hard shell;
 To honor and arms now bids a farewell.
 And Pegasus, the horse, that bards inspired,
 Has ceased to function—been paid off and fired.
 The weeping Niobe we still may see—
 The only thing left that's in "normalcy."

ORACLES.

Omens and portents appear by the score;
They never were seen in couples before.
The augurs and sibyls are up in the air—
This matters little; they always were there!
The birds in flight are very erratic,
And entrails of beasts speak nothing emphatic.
The bacchanal saturnalian's foul fad,
With Bacchus himself has gone to the bad;
Pluto and Porsephine, near Nysa, are queered;
Aesculapius, M. D., has disappeared.
Old Mercury's flag, at Pharoe's half-masted;
And Faunus, at Rome, is some flabbergasted.
Abæ with Clarus and Patriæ, in distress,
Have sent out the signal, reading S. O. S.
Dodona for months no radios has sent;
Patara's for sale and Fortuna's for rent.
Amphilocus has, for the past year or so,
Been featuring the moving picture show.
Telmessus is not like the house on a rock;
Didyma and Trophinus are comrades in hock.
A garage is now where Ismenium stood,
And Delos looks like 'twere deserted for good.
Apollo, at Delphi, is bothered a bit;
At Olympia, Jove already has quit!

THE HEROES.

Strong Hercules, who could Hesperides rob,
Would now, we feel certain, fall down on the job.
To cleanse, in one brief day, the Augean stalls,
For thousands of weaklings like Hercules calls.
Prometheus, stealing the fire from the sky;
When torn by the eagle, would never say die;
Though whole is his liver and dead is the gier;
Shows no inclination to monkey with fire.
Bellerophon, mounted on Pegasus, slew
Chimera, which was the correct thing to do;
But cursed be the gadfly which stung Pegasus—
The winged horse, that gives inspiration to us!
Medusa, the Gorgon, by Perseus outguessed,
Demands with strong words a decisive last test;

But rattled is Perseus, who swears he'd prefer
 To fight all Gehenna than one hag like her.
 A maiden on billows of anguish is tost;
 Her cotton was rotten, her Theseus lost;
 The Minotaur ground his crushed body to pulp
 And swallowed his carcass with one little gulp.
 No Remus and Romulus she-wolves will own,
 The Sisyphus, trickster, still works on the stone.
 Laocoon, strangled by circling snakes, dies,
 And Oedipus, maddened, tears out his own eyes.
 The Argonaut Jason would leave if he could;
 But Bacchus and bacchanals left us for good.
 Aenæus the Trojan is sailing the sea;
 Both Castor and Pollux are dead as can be.
 Leander, the lover, in death lies a-cold,
 And Midas the Phrygian has turned into gold.
 Brave Diomedes looks a pitiful soul,
 Arions no longer their dithyrambs roll.
 The Grecians are pompously strutting around,
 And Hector, the hero, can nowhere be found;
 If searching the wide world, you'll search but in vain,
 For Troy's great defender in combat was slain.
 Achilles was found in the ladies' work room,
 Bedecked in a woman's most dainty costume;
 For Paris, the lover of Helen, with vim,
 Was out with his bow—he was looking for him!
 Old Ajax, who once put the lightning to shame,
 Is now, as a warrior, decidedly tame.
 What matter if war-clouds be distant or near,
 Old Ajax is found away back in the rear!
 Ulysses, the prudent, whose words were so brave,
 Has been, for a long time, as still as the grave;
 Despised by his own dogs—the most faithful hound
 Will hang his head, shamefaced, when master's
 around!
 Malanion, swift Atalanta outran;
 He shows no footprints of a marathon man;
 Each breath he exhales we regard as his last—
 The apples of gold into dollars have past!
 An Orpheus, whose music could move rock and tree,
 Despairing, was parted from Eurydice;
 Now, losing all cunning, he says he's more fit
 To migrate to Hades and lyre in it!

THE NATIONS.

On Washington's name there is silence intense,
In terror lest England should take an offense;
"Bill" Kaiser, of Berlin, our doughboys derides,
And Deutschland, with laughter, is sore on both sides.
The Froggies of Gallia, in chorus, proclaim
This faux pas disgraces brave Lafayette's name.
From Shantung of China to Nippon, the Jap
Is smiling serenely—he's holding down Yap!
Italia's emotions disfigure her form;
Her Colon's bold soul rides anew on the storm.
The red flag of Russia—her emblem of might—
Is gay to see blushing our blue and our white.
The shades of St. Patrick, and Brian Boru,
The shamrock of Erin with tear-drops bedew,
The Valhalla vikings, such weaklings contemn,
For Norseland was never dishonored by them.
And "William the Silent," weeping Netherland's
pride,
But vainly has suffered, more vainly has died!
The Ottoman Sultan—unspeakable Turk—
Confidingly swears a most treacherous work.
Timbuctoo's black chief kicks high up his black toes
In gleeful accord with more civilized foes.
In darkest of Afric', where Pygmies abide,
The same jocund chorus cheers blithe eventide.

PART IV.

THE BEASTS.

The savage gorilla and fierce chimpanzee
Are weak mollycoddles—about such as we!
And even the ourang that lives in a tree
Looks mockingly down on "The land of the free."
In African Congo the jolly baboon
Is tickled to death, very merry his tune.
Cathay's fiery dragon—a sweet little elf—
Is splitting with laughter in spite of himself.
The palæotherium—a hoary old gent—
Is little concerned with this recent event.
An old land tortoise that has seen many days
Sings snatches of antediluvian lays.
The elephant, the rhino, hippo and whale,
In turn each recites a more hair-raising tale.

The 'gators, crocodiles, the swordfish and shark,
By thousands and millions for safe shores embark.
The tallest marsupial in vain gets a hump,
So nervous and weak that he barely can jump.
In races primordial, awake or asleep,
This kangaroo took many miles at a leap.
Jumped over the mountains—no matter how high—
His limits were only the earth and the sky.
The lion and tiger are noticed to quail,
Display less of their teeth and more of their tail.
The lion, the leader of beasts was reckoned;
The tiger, if not first, a close good second.
Like autocrats, always their countrymen ruled;
No wise apes with them ever monkeyed or fooled.
The ursus horribilis shows dejection,
And wild cats of Rockies caught this infection.
But backs that in war times made cats look taller
Are now in reverse and their tails are smaller.
“Old Grizzly” at one time a valorous beast,
His name was on all tongues from west to the east;
His courage and paw bade all wise men be wary,
For fear was not found in his dictionary.

THE HORSE.

In the days of old Job, in Uz of the East,
The horse was a very remarkable beast.
He turned not aside from the glittering spear;
Nor saw, smelt, heard, felt or tasted a fear.
He pawed in the valley, ha! ha'd! in battle;
The quiver 'gainst him but vainly did rattle.
“He swallowed the ground with fierceness and rage”;
We doubt not that he was the talk of that age.
He smelt the battle, his neck clothed with thunder;
Still mocking at fear—the horse was a wonder!
The captains may shout and may glisten the shield;
The trumpets may sound—not an inch will he yield.
But times are different; we know this, because
His ha! ha's! are now weak, and feeble his paws.
“Whenever my old horse went over the hill,
He always got scared at the whippoorwill.”
We could hear this witch in the wild woods sing—
Each elf in the circle, each witch in the ring.
“Cutty sarks” in chorus go round, round, round,
The frightened horse's hoofs go pound, pound, pound.

We urged him, we scourged him, exhorted with tears,
 And showed him the folly of fantastic fears.
 Enthused him, excused him, recalling, of course,
 This is not a homo, but only a horse.
 We coaxed him, we hoaxed him, but without avail—
 For down went his head and lower went his tail!
 We fed him, we bled him, doctored him in vain—
 So rusty grew his coat and scant grew his mane,
 We'd roast him, we'd toast him, mustard plasters
 make;
 Give him carminatives for his stomach's sake.
 We'd rub him and scrub him, always neat and clean;
 The grass was ever luxuriantly green.
 We cheered him, we deared him with exquisite art;
 But crushed was his spirit and broken his heart!
 We blessed him, caressed him, with tenderest care;
 Mentioned him often at our family prayer.
 We boo'd him, we shoo'd him, sowed the salt around,
 To foil the witches and make him sane and sound.
 We woo'd him, coo'd him—tried ev'ry art of love;
 Called him "Mammy's darling turtle dove."
 We hugged him, we snugged him, filled his rack with
 hay;
 Smoothed down his pillows and wiped his tears away.
 We joshed him, kiboshed him, with consummate skill;
 He's down at the mouth, his tears are falling still!
 We'd ret him, we'd sweat him, prescribed ipecac,
 Put porous plasters on the small of his back;
 Adjured him, assured him health he could find—
 Accept Christian Science—'tis all in the mind.
 We'd pet him, coquette him, sing a sweet love song;
 He sighs: "'Tis useless!"—he'll not be with us long.
 Coerced him, we nursed him, bought him rare titbits,
 And gave him to suckle the sweet sugar teats.
 We sissed him, we kissed him, we said: "My dear son,
 Why not be a Roosevelt or a Washington?"
 'Twas fruitless, 'twas bootless, the sad, weirdsome
 tones,
 At first in his ears, got at last in his bones!
 Lost is his courage, all his snap and his vim—
 The old whippoorwill got the best of him!
 His ears and his bones now mingle in the dust
 Of the long, long trail—and follow on we must!

THE DOG.

We'd like to say something befitting the dog,
But freely confess that our mind's in a fog;
Whoever attempts to make sport of old Tray
Combines a hard task with the poorest of pay.
He shooed out the chickens, the ducks, and the geese;
He acted as watchman, as guard, and police.
He got our newspaper at earliest dawn,
And drove off the hogs that would root up our lawn;
Around the cupboard was expected to hang
When "Old Mother Hubbard" the dinner bell rang.
We gave him a morsel and patted his head;
He lay down on his side and played he was dead—
We all bowed our heads and said: "Let us now pray!"
More reverent no other than Old Dog Tray.
He guarded the sheep and brought up the old cow;
Stood up on his hind legs and said a "bow-wow!"
Was leagued with the household and stood by the farm;
He answered for fire and burglar alarm.
Boys, who could not float, tread water or swim,
Plunged in over their heads when they were with him.
He sought the pet lamb that had wandered away;
Was handsome and faithful, was gallant and gay.
He stood up to beg and when hurt he would run
By putting down three and carrying the one;
Because his forefather had done it, 'tis said,
He turned many times while making his bed.
He's got one bad habit, though otherwise hale,
Between his hind legs seeks to bury his tail.
We've tried ev'ry art this new habit to down—
We threatened, encouraged, with smile and with frown.
The weird explanation that we always got:
I'm hoodooed by something, but I don't know what!

THE HOG.

When I was a small boy there was a trained hog
That set the Bel Air Market lot all agog.
Why, tricks more in number this rooter could show
Than Houdin was ever expected to know.
At reading and writing got highest of marks;
At eucher and poker beat all the card sharks!
In sideshows at circus this very same pig
Won many a dollar at some thimblorig.

Bucolics came 'round and no cops within view,
 The shell game yielded him a quarter or two.
 By writing the year when you first saw the light,
 Your age he would guess—yes; every time right!
 The number of years in your age you would spell,
 The year of your birth he right quickly would tell.
 In races with greyhounds, a goat and a horse,
 Got first every time by cutting the course.
 You say every word of this tale's a lie—
 For truth of each word I am ready to die!
 Did I see it? Well, no; but I will be blown
 If this is not what the big billboards all showed!
 All boys of the country, and some from the town,
 With wide open mouths stand loitering aroun';
 The girls, when not giggling, are looking lovelorn—
 They suck on a lemon and eat their popcorn.
 "But show me the pig that can do tricks today—
 Many thousands of dollars for him I'll pay!
 To keep him from rooting at will I propose
 To put a stout ring in the tip of his nose;
 I'll blacklist him—in case he ever should stray,
 He'll not find employment for many a day!
 I'll earn my white bread in the sweat of his face;
 Spend winters at Palm Beach or some other nice place;
 In summer to Newport or mountains resort,
 To pass a season in pleasureable sport.
 What right in the law has this muzhik to squeal;
 Or call for showdown, and an honest square deal?
 Be quiet, you thankless, ungrateful old lob!
 I own your body, don't it go with the job?
 Stage one of your strikes, or a simple walkout,
 I've got a stout ring in the tip of your snout!
 Forget this stubborn, unreasonable mood,
 Though acorns be plenty and rooting be good—
 Controlling the tools without ever a doubt
 I'll run this pig-sty with starvation's wired knout!
 You get your wages, at evening and morn—
 I throw in your pen the rich yellow corn.
 To settle your fate needs but one small black ball;
 You root in my pen, or you'll not root at all!
 But for my inherited money and brains,
 To sausage and wurst would be turned your remains.
 Now look to your task, or you'll pretty soon see
 There's no place but hell for the Bolsheviki!"

VARIOUS ANIMALS.

The screechowl, the bullfrog, peacock and tomcat—
Carusos galore could never eclipse that!
The ram, as best “butter,” gets ev’ry first prize—
Butts over all animals full twice his size;
He’s so much better pleased, if they’re heavy and tall—
“The bigger they are, the harder they fall!”
Whenever he started to make the attack,
If you had any sense you gave him the track.
When he was appointed to carry the sphere,
Resistance was useless, so why interfere?
We see many signs of decay already—
His head is shaky, his tail is more steady!
We’ve written but little of Thomas the Cat;
We feel he deserves more attention than that.
The fewer the words, the stronger the story—
He’s out all the night, still wawling for glory.
His wawls are less loud—not nearly so deep;
More pleasant our dreams—more peaceful our sleep!
You’ll not need a club many furlongs in length—
The pole cat’s strong odor has lost all its strength!
In days of “Ted” Roosevelt this smell was so strong
You had needed a pole exceedingly long.
Full well we remember that brightest spring day;
Our hair was still black and whiskers not gray;
Guileless our heart and wider open our mind,
Ere sad cognition to great caution inclined,
We met this fellow—his tail gave one sweep—
Say! Why do you laugh? It is proper to weep!
Eats from your hand, the pugnacious goat;
The dog dares tread on the tail of his coat!
Gone are those whiskers he cherished so long;
Poor “Bill” is weaker, his smell is less strong!
The wolf, when in packs, the bison o’erthrew,
Is proud now of a jackrabbit or two.
Beheaded snapper cares not a blest bit;
Though dead for hours, he’s unconscious of it.
Fates may oppose him, conditions may frown—
He’ll never say die till Old Sol goes down!
Should you doubt any word of this story,
And wish to obtain fame, if not glory,
Put your toe within a foot of his head—
You’ll think yourself dying, possibly dead!

'Coon and 'possum, if anywise limber,
Left last week for Sequoia's tall timber;
Diseased decrepits dodge death's dreaded doom—
The rich have good seats, the poor—standing room!
His shadow the ground hog, seeing at noon,
Sought winter quarters while yet it was June;
Has dug himself in quite deeply, we fear;
But hope he will get to China next year—
By latest report was headed that way;
His aim and purpose is merely hearsay.
Norwegian rat sighs, oh, why did I roam?
I'm the prodigal son—I'll go 'way back home!

PART V.

THE BIRDS.

THE EAGLE.

The eagle, that soared in empyrean hight,
Alas! is now seen with foul buzzards alight!
Tail feathers all gone—his talons are clipt;
He looks like a bird in a mud-puddle dipt!
Bereft of his courage, despair in his eyes,
The eaglets are hungry—we hear their faint cries.
His offspring, disgusted, have fled his embrace;
For never before was beheld such disgrace.
His strong claws and beak have forgotten their force;
The wife of his bosom has got a divorce.
This monarch once built his retreat in the cloud,
Tempestuous winds beat and the mists enshroud.
With thunders and lightnings his matins were rung;
With darkness and tumult his vespers were sung.
Aurora would shed her light over the earth—
His aerie was chosen the land of its birth!
With garments illumined with heaven's own light,
In gold she arrayed the undraped mountain height;
With brow that reflects the sun's earliest ray,
Jocund morn, fair maid, sprang aglow into day;
What eye was the first its delight to confess!
What voice was the foremost that joy to express!
When Apollo in chariot mounted on high,
With transcendent glory emblazoned the sky,

No eye save the eagle's the dazzling sunlight
Could bear with contentment and face with delight.
On his widespread pinions the Roman tides rose;
In this name of might Gallia vanquished her foes.
Why should not the newest, the Star of the West!
Our America! be—the brightest—the best?
It should be! It could be! It would be, my son!
Were each leader a Roosevelt or a Lincoln!

THE ROOSTER.

The last hope of the "Wets" the dust has bit;
Has made his last crow—his last home-run hit.
He knew all the ropes, from A down to izzard;
His heart was strong and healthy his gizzard;
Was firm on his legs, was trained to the minute;
Long were his spurs—of course, he would win it!
In battle one day had killed a huge hawk—
In fact, he was known as the "cock of the walk!"
Had all the fine points—was long pedigreed;
The list of his victims took much time to read.
His comb was cut, his tail was snugged,
His wings were clipt, his face was mugged;
His back was broad, his blood was game,
His beak was sharp—Barleycorn his name!
The rummies regard the battle as won,
And give odds on Barleycorn, ten to one.
But long was the fight—the pace was too hot;
The "Pride of the Drys" found "John's" weakest spot.
Flapt farewells forever for friend, for foes,
He rolled on his back and turned up his toes!
This rooster, we know, without the least doubt,
Is not only down, but also is out!
The "Wets" lift up a lugubrious howl,
And mingle with curses "foul! foul! foul!"
No pullets crowd 'round him to feel his muscle,
And say you gave him a pretty good tussle.
No hens now kiss him and say, "You sweet honey,
Deserve the belt as well as the money!"
Fame is fickle and we find to our sorrow
We're Fitzsimmons today—dead tomorrow!

VARIOUS BIRDS.

The goose and the swan fly exceedingly high,
Appear as dark freckles in heaven's blue sky;
But slow in their movement and wearied their tones,
Their honk is too feeble for our audiphones.
Old Polly not one of your crackers desires;
Has some words on her tongue, some fire in her eyes.
The snowbird 'mid storms sings his chic-a-dee-dee;
He's not half so blithe as he seemeth to be.
The jackdaw is able to say caw-caw-caw;
He'll soon change his ditty to tra-la-la-la!
Cock robin was slain by dandy cock sparrow;
Unbent is that bow and broken that arrow.
Though decent interment his faithful friends gave,
We've never ceased weeping in grief o'er his grave!

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The nightingale, whose art the flute could excel,
Has sought wooded glen and the shadowy dell.
Her voice, once so cheerful, now fraught with distress;
Her refuge and rest is the wild wilderness.
The flowery meadow for her has no charm;
The gracious sunshine she regards with alarm.
But oft in the dusk of the evening's shade,
In bowers of ease by the briar-rose made,
That voice we have treasured, in days now long gone,
When eve was at close and our life was at dawn.
That place in the young heart was ever secure;
No sound more delightful, no welcome more sure.
Though snuff-brown the jacket and quiet the vest,
With wonderful taste your fair figure is drest.
Why, with gay colors, that sweet songstress bedight,
That pours out her soul of song through the long night?
Why should not her spirit with merriment bound?
Why should not her hills and her valleys resound?
Dear Philomel! tell us the reason, the why,
The wherefore, the fountain, the stream, the supply.
Be not terror-stricken, but banish your fear;
Please give us the news we are anxious to hear!
"The glints of the diamond in earth's fires arise,
The tints of the rainbow in heaven's wet eyes;
It seems less befitting to sing than to weep,
Where nights are so long and the darkness so deep."

BOB WHITE.

When writing a tale or serving a dinner,
From gourmand or belles-lettres source,
As connoisseur or as callow beginner,
We keep the dessert for last course.

Perhaps you will think we've forgotten Bob White;
There's one more guess coming to you—
Or with malice prepense have given a slight,
Not the first or second is true.

We do not seek any conditions to mask;
M. Quail may be no F. F. V.,
Yet doing "Bob" justice is no easy task,
Though classed as a W. J. B.

When it comes to archness and masterful ruse,
We will with no others hobnob,
But match him against any bird you may choose—
Bet dollars to doughnuts on "Bob."

While other young birds, in their snug, downy nest,
Are resting in quiet and ease,
"Bob's" offspring are running with wonderful zest,
Whenever, wherever, they please.

While getting a living at any grain stack,
These embryo Bolsheviki,
Carrying one-third of their shell on the back,
Cry, buccaneers, imitate me!

Yet lately a change has come over this brood—
They tremble at any affright—
Display great inclination to solitude,
And hide both by day and by night.

Recline in their nests, crying weakly for food,
Though grain stacks be plainly in view;
To slightest exertion may scarcely be wooed,
We speak but the words that are true.

Their knocking knees giving a tit for a tat;
Ataxia, we know this for sure!
And failing hearts giving a weak pit-a-pat;
Angina, we've heard there's no cure!

Gelatinous bills make very poor nippers;
Soft toenails are in the same plight;
Their delicate wings appear much like flippers,
And poorly adapted for flight.

The truth of this statement no one will deny;
They would be more blessed if dead;
It takes nine days' hard work to open one eye—
The worst yet remains to be said!



PART VI.

REPTILES, INSECTS, ETC.

THE SPIDER.

The spider was the world's most famous spinner,
When Eve was a saint and Adam no sinner.
Epeira was expert at spinning, I ween,
When our first relations appeared on the scene.
And though at no time a beautiful fellow,
In war never showed the least streak of yellow.
No matter how long or how hard was the fight,
His toe-nails held firm while his eye-teeth held tight.
But lately evinces some signs of distress—
His teeth will not stand masticatory stress.
Examine his molars—a good skiagraph
Will show a full third, if not a round half,
Of grinders call for a speedy removal;
In fact, they all meet X-ray's disapproval.
This Rigg's disease, product of chronic neglect
Of kidneys and mouth, will most surely affect
Circulatory system. There's one chance yet—
Pull out all the dead ones and make a new set.
Aesculapius, M. D., says: "Ah, fiddlesticks!
Safety first always; cut out his appendix!
A few hundred dollars remain in his clothes,
And to see his insides, at least, I propose!"
A small rusty nail merely scratches the heel;
At that time a slight twinge of pain we may feel.
A wound of this nature, involving no bone,
Will heal in a few days—so let it alone!

Within forty-eight hours thereafter 'tis hot—
 Blood poison and tetanus are tommyrot.
 Professors are called, who gravely assured us,
 If one day delayed, they could not have cured us.
 They wash out the wound, use sponge, water and soap,
 Prescribe curative salve bichloride and dope.
 If all things these surgeons advise us be true,
 The next time we're wounded we know what to do.
 The doctors esteem the tinct. of iodine
 An excellent antiseptic medicine.
 Its only function—say whatever they may—
 Is to give nature a square deal and fair play.
 Its only purpose, after the last word is said,
 To slaughter the wounded and cremate the dead.
 Are we speaking of war? We are in a way—
 The troops are microscopic bacteria.
 The glutton swallows down a mass of gross food;
 It may be well ground, it may be unchewed.
 He now with assurance on leisure may call
 And cry out to the whole world—this ends it all!
 Whereas, prehension, mastication, unite
 Deglutition, digestion, absorption's flight
 Of stairs reaching assimilation's front door,
 Where processes are met more complex than before.
 Metabolism will either death or life give—
 If destructive, we die; if constructive, we live.

THE FROG.

Our old friend, the bullfrog, that sat on the bank,
 Cried: "Good-bye forever!" To bottom he sank.
 "I'll take my departure while I'm still able;
 My fried corpse shall grace no eating-house table!"
 He had for a long time been on the *qui vive*,
 Perchance it were wiser to stay than to leave;
 Like Cato of old, great anxiety showed,
 And dreaded to travel the dark, lonesome road.
 The Roman, who lost his fat job at the crib,
 Would thrust a sword-point underneath his fifth rib;
 The Japanese tycoon, no whit more astute,
 Approached his death by *hara-kiri's* sure route.
 The canny old Socrates, wisest of all,
 Chose lethal hemlock when he answered the call.

But Judas Iscariot, lost to each hope,
 Preferred as his "Jack Ketch" a portion of rope.
 The man of this era, whose last hope has fled,
 By pressing a trigger, blows off his own head.
 But some of the boobies, who yet are more dumb,
 Pour down in redundance, beer, whiskey and rum.
 The bullfrog considered these modes one by one,
 And finally asked us, "How can it be done?
 I have not a poison, no pistol, no sword,
 Not even the tiniest portion of cord!
 For beer and light wines I might freely stand pat—
 The Eighteenth Amendment has overthrown that.
 We'll stand here discussing these questions, I see,
 Till time and tide merge into eternity.
 The water, I am sure, is circumjacent,
 And water moreover is my element."
 It was a foul act, a most desperate plan—
 We can pardon, a frog, but never a man!
 His bones, in the morass, we know, are at rest.
 We trust that his soul is most happy and blest!

THE JUNE-BUG.

The Troubadour June-bug is awfully bum;
 He sings like a humbug that lost its last hum.
 His stage presence held all the ladies entranced;
 The lights on his costume glistened and glanced.
 But singers, in public, to merit success
 Must show first-class voices as well as address.
 While giving encores, at ambition's behest,
 Gotterdammerung shows the size of his vest.
 In old Trovatore it was mum-mum-mum-mum!
 The audience responded with bum-bum-bum-bum!
 But when, in Les Huguenots he struck that low E,
 The mirth of the rabble was painful to see.
 We noticed in Carmen the Toreador
 Was hooted and hissed after ev'ry encore;
 In one of the acts—herself in a rage—
 Miss Katy-did Carmen kicked him from the stage.
 The galleries hollered—one June-bug, they say,
 From out the backwoods thought it part of the play.
 Every one said he was really tough;
 A few thought Miss Katy a little bit rough.
 Rotten-egged one off day, the curtain was dropt,
 He was given a bath and the floor was mopt.

A VARIETY.

The boa, the blacksnake, the python, maybe,
So happy and blithe are now hugging the tree.
The longest-tailed wog that disports in the bog,
Disgraced, disappears from the bumps of the log.
Amœba, carefree as to concepts mental,
Gives no two real raps—not one continental.
The sociable cricket—a little bit shy—
Has sought other regions—you need not ask why.
She brightened the corner and kept all things neat,
By every fireside had the very best seat.
The firefly, that flits in the evening's damp,
Blew out her faint light and demolished her lamp.
Among other reasons, gave this lame excuse—
'Twas so weak as to be of but little use.
The tumble-bug tried out a marathon race,
But soon tumbled out, for too hot was the pace.
The judges reported—receive it, who can!
That tumble-bug, a sprinter, "also ran."
Chameleon and mantis and slug and snail,
Now safety demands it, beat aeroplane's mail.
The ant in the sand hill, the worm of the earth,
Shamefaced, abandon the land of their birth.
The smallest of midgets, revealed in sunlight,
Shakes our dust from her feet—forever good-night.
The oyster and sponge say, "We'd rather not stay;
But, tied down to rocks, we can't get away."
The testy old wasp has lost his last sting;
He throws up the sponge and quits the squared ring.
The boldest of hornets lost his last fight;
His sun went down in obscurity's night.
Brave yellow-jacket has lost his last bout;
Takes full count of ten—he's squarely knocked out.
He tried ev'ry blow known to the gymnast,
Was scienced, clear-headed, foxy and fast.
For many rounds stood the bumble-bee blow—
The solar plexus lays any bug low.
Alert in defense and strong in attack,
Age is against him, he'll never come back.
Brave yellow-jacket! your mettle was great,
But champions are always asked to give weight.
You see it now, and all backers do, too,
The old bumble-bee was heavy for you.

The grasshopper gives a dulcet love lay;
He loafes all the week and Sunday's God's day.
What shall we say of the gymnastic flea?
He's not so supple as he used to be.
When in condition, his legs in attune,
He leaped clear over the top of the moon.
To beat a bovine for him was a cinch,
The cow lost out by the tenth of an inch.
The lady-bug we will now introduce,
For roach and housefly there's no further use.
All cooties of age, say twenty-one hours,
Allegiance owe to some foreign powers.
Will not enlist, if willy or nilly,
Have no good blood for wretched corn willie.
Object to conscription, will not enroll—
For war is a terror to faintheart's soul!

BED-BUGS.

Bed-bugs that never had tasted defeat
Are often met in disordered retreat.
The dead and dying encumber the ground,
And flight's contagious where wanza abound.
Bring up reinforcements they form enmasse,
'Tis futile we use bichloride and gas.
Make headlong retreat, dig themselves in;
We cover them up, it looks like a sin
To see these heroes, the bravest and best,
O'erwhelmed in battle, still biting, go West.
Some spying peacemakers approach our camp,
Each wife a vixen, each maiden a vamp.
"Ashes to ashes and dust unto dust,"
Peacemakers are blest, but die these bugs must.
There's no race of bugs in all this wide land
Against such fierce odds forever can stand.
With ranks in panic, they fly like the chaff,
Our hearts are callous—we jeeringly laugh.
The wanza (bed-bugs) put up a great fight,
Good-bye, little wanz, we bid you good-night!

PART VII.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Oh, where is John Barleycorn, where does he dwell?
The devil has got him, he's stranded in hell!
How near we may stray, or how far we may roam,
"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."
To regions below his exit was hurried,
His form a shadow, his looks sad and worried;
To come back to U. S. his chances are slim,
Amendment Eighteenth was the finish of him.
He never again will our country harass,
The Volstead Law handed to him the coup-de-grace.
When "John" was still living, as yet above ground,
Full fifty per cent. in his whiskey was found.
His booze is now water, his bread is all dough,
One-half one per cent. he's unable to show.
Rum, whiskey and wine, with the devil's home brew,
Are risky narcotics, we speak what is true!
On champions of rum we placed a tight muzzle,
This dope they may use, but never should guzzle.
Perhaps you will urge, Christ turned water to wine,
That's poor reason for drinking rotten moonshine!
Of wine of the nature He made—new or old—
You safely may drink all your stomach will hold.
Good-bye! corner grog shop; good-bye; beer saloon;
Good-bye! beer and light wines; you'll not come back soon.
Touch—taste not—nor handle the poisonous stuff;
Stop—look—listen! ought to be warning enough.
Why should not purveyors of moonshine and beer,
Be locked in a cell with the shovers of queer?
The taverns and inns were like rat traps no doubt,
So easy to get in, so hard to get out.
It matters but little how fast or "hell bent,"
That bright day in autumn the Pine Tree State went,
When casting its vote for "Old Tippecanoe"
With Governor Kent and for John Tyler, too;
But blest when it threw old John Barleycorn out,
And started to travel the heavenly route;
It caused a great rift in the clouds to appear,
And, praised be the Lord, now, the whole sky is clear.
Unbounded our pleasure—Amen! our refrain;
Our joy's without measure—our flag's without stain.
With three sheets to windward, the product of ale,
Oh, many fine fellows went down in the gale.

The old razzle dazzle was "Johnnie's" best hunch;
He's beat to a frazzle by Anderson's punch.
We heard—I believe it—that Pussyfoot's eye
Most surely will make wet Old England go dry.
To name all the heroes would need much more space
Than we are permitted to use in this place,
But cannot forbear John G. Woolley to name—
So sane, alert, courteous, trustworthy and game.

BARLEYCORN'S WATERLOO.

"John" is driven out of Georgia, Virginia, and Maine—
In Arkansas and Tennessee resistance was but vain.
The Carolinas freed from rum now join the glad refrain,
America is dry!

Hurrah! for North Dakota and for Colorado, too,
To prohibition Oregon and Washington are true;
While Indiana highly blest has bidden booze adieu,
America is dry!

Put Arizona on our list, her rum no more enthralls,
And Mississippi's mighty flood has cleansed her Augean
stalls,
But West Virginia's pæans echo from her mountain walls,
America is dry!

South Dakota and Montana saw "John Barleycorn's"
defeat,
Nebraska and Alaska heard "John" sounding out retreat.
In Michigan "Bill" Sunday made "John's" overthrow
complete,
America is dry!

Maryland, My Maryland! put the Amendment through.
The "Drys" of Texas and Vermont are of the truest blue.
The "Blue Hen's Chicken," Delaware, showed "Wets" what
he could do,
America is dry!

New Hampshire is the Granite State, New York is the
Empire,
They put two punctures in the tread of Barleycorn's spare
tire.
Ohio and Kentucky put "John's" fat into the fire,
America is dry!

Louisiana cast out booze, with pleasure, years ago;
Both Wyoming and Illinois threw overboard the foe,
And Pennsylvania and Utah decided "John" a woe,
America is dry!

Wisconsin, Massachusetts and Missouri smote the pest,
New Jersey and our Oregon responded to each test;
And Minnesota sought the fray with appetite and zest,
America is dry!

Oklahoma's flag is stainless, Alabama's right at last.
Iowa's nightmare, thank the Lord! is over now and past;
But Kansas, canny Kansas, smote this insect with the blast,
America is dry!

Nevada is the Silver State, California the Gold,
New Mexico and Florida as slaves would not be sold.
Rhode Island and Connecticut are still outside the fold,
America is dry!



BARLEYCORN'S DOOM.

Days ago the times were breezy,
I was young and money easy,
My hale appetite surceasy,
Yes, surceasy, with old ryes.
Barleycorn had not then croaked, sir.
Ribbons white were (ha! ha!) joked, sir,
We were with hail fellows yoked, sir;
Yoked, sir, we were happy guys!

We used all the booze we could, sir.
Pumpnickel, if we would, sir,
Acted as all good friends should, sir,
Drank the Schiltz beer, not moonshine.
But old lager is forgotten.
Prohibition is begotten,
And our liberties geshotten,
Shotten is the old beer stein!

Why are we so horned and hacked, sir,
By this hellish Volstead Act, sir?
We should be most surely backed, sir,
Backed by true Americans.
Ev'ry mother's son and daughter
Is expected to drink water.
All our rights are marked for slaughter,
Slaughter, by the "Puritans."

What! am I a mollycoddle?
Is there no wit in my noddle?
We have paid out our last doddle,
Doddle, doddles, how they go!
I'm against the "Dry" Amendment!
Though "John" now is the defendant;
He will soon be the ascendant!
Ascendant, say yes or no!

Now, sir, listen, don't you get me?
I will tell you, if you'll let me;
You should be so glad you met me,
Met me, in this fateful hour.
Hallelujahs! should be given,
Barleycorn to hell is driven,
The last chain of rum is riven,
Riven, rum has lost its power.

Wayne B. Wheeler is a bright one,
His opinion is the right one,
Each law by him a pig tight one,
Piggish tight and bullish strong!
Our "Bill" Anderson's pinch hitter,
Our George Crabbe is not a quitter,
Our good friends the "Wets" are bitter,
Bitter, mournful is their song.

"John" can't show a continental,
Not a tattered regimental,
He's no longer sentimental,
Sentimental as to brews.
Swigs the swilly schnapps and slops, sir,
Mixes poison with the hops, sir,
Nor at home-brew hog-wash stops, sir,
Stops, sir, guzzling deadly booze.

Drink no more the poisonous beer, sir,
Reason's admonition hear, sir,
And for prohibition cheer, sir,
 Cheer, sir, Barleycorn, by gum,
Looks a broken sport, indeed he
Is the worse for wear and weedy;
Hocks his shoes, his socks are seedy,
 Seedy! Barleycorn's a bum!

Barleycorn still spits and splutters,
Gnashes teeth and mutely mutters,
Not a single blessing utters,
 Utters oaths not loud, but deep.
See him! there among the roasted,
Seething hot and brownly toasted,
Of his powers loud he boasted,
 Boasted while his victims weep.

For not one fond farewell stayed he;
For no parting kiss delayed he,
But in desperation brayed he,
 Brayed and brayed and nothing more!
Barleycorn appears right dizzy,
Do you want to know where is he?
See that wandering spirit! 'tis he,
 Wandering, on the Stygian shore.

Look not upon the wine when red—
It but conceals the adder's head
And crawling, hissing serpent bred,
 Serpent bred in poison's bowl.
Take no chances with this sniper—
They who play must pay the piper;
Trust not, touch not, the vile viper,
 Viper ruining the soul.

“Johnnie's” eyes are red with crying—
“Johnnie's” never dead, but dying—
“Johnnie's” soul's within him sighing,
 Sighing for the blessed light.
Bed-bugs are so pleased to sight him,
Lice and maggots never slight him,
Fleas and jiggers scratch and bite him,
 Scratch and bite him, day and night.

There is for him no tomorrow—
He can never hope to borrow
Respite or relief from sorrow,
Sorrow in complete torment.
Friends he knew on earth deride him—
Greater depths and woes abide him—
Drops of water are denied him,
Him denied half one per cent.

He is found among the slackers—
Gets no encores from the claquers—
Nor prescriptions from the quackers,
Quackers of the M. D. breed.
Parched his throat, his tongue is furry,
Burning his insides? Yes, sir, he
Has naught on his mind but worry,
Worry his eternal screed.

“Johnnie’s” worried, wrecked, aweary,
Tattered, tired, torn and teary,
Dismal, desolate and dreary,
Dreary, dry, disconsolate.
Plucked and cowed now is this rooster—
He’s no longer liquor booster—
He don’t crow as once he used to,
Used to, when he ran the state.

He must eat his schnitz and nep, sir,
Wanderluster in lockstep, sir,
And with ball and chain be kept, sir,
Kept, sir, from his deviltry.
We can answer on the square, sir,
He may squirm, but we don’t care, sir,
He will be forever there, sir,
There, sir, through eternity!

“John” reminds us of Poe’s raven—
Not half washed and poorly shaven,
Craven, crooked, crooked, craven,
Craven, cursed forevermore!
Let him wriggle, roast and rot, sir,
A life sentence he has got, sir,
See that you keep him right hot, sir,
Hot, hot, hotter—evermore!

PART VIII.

A HYMN.

My gracious Father! won by love,
And nourished by thy grace,
We haste our gratitude to prove,
Content in thy embrace.

Before our infant lips could frame
The praise of God to sing,
We were assured in Jesus' name
Beneath his shelt'ring wing.

Thy mercy youthful steps shall stay,
Thy love always endure;
When deep'ning shades end life's brief day,
That refuge be secure.

For none who put their trust in Thee
The stain of sin shall know;
The blood of Christ abounding, free,
Has made it white as snow.

He chasteneth whom He loveth most,
And no son will confess
Before the bright angelic host
In proud self-righteousness.

But be thou patient, oh, my God!
With me thy erring child.
May I accept the chast'ning rod
As an endearing smile.

Thus faith shall crown my life with joy,
While Satan tempts in vain;
Thus love my ev'ry power employ
And hope my age sustain.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia, beloved! in glory arrayed,
Her honor unsullied shall ne'er be betrayed.
Whose mission is holy; whose flag is unfurled—
The Star of the West, the Pride of the World.

Columbia, benignant; a wonderful friend—
The bards tell her story, the heroes defend;
All nations acclaiming, with heartfelt delight,
That mercy is wedded with valor and right.

Columbia, courageous! though despots conceive,
And tyrants imagine her hurt to achieve;
With firmness undaunted to battle we go;
“By right not by might,” overwhelming the foe.

Columbia, victorious! with ensign in hand
And Liberty's torch to enlighten the land,
The slave breaks his fetters—his heart stirs anew;
For over his head floats the red, white and blue.

Columbia, triumphant! when war's dread alarm
Subsides, and sweet peace sleeps upon his right arm—
Her foes, e'en though vanquished, with praises proclaim,
Her might is unbounded and just is her fame.

Columbia, resplendent! what glories arise!
The hope of the earth and the bride of the skies!
The stars of the heavens thy battles shall fight,
The moon in her splendor, the sun in his might.

Columbia, heroic! with victory crowned,
For valorous exploits and mercy renowned;
In war like the eagle, in peace like the dove,
We offer affection, devotion and love!

Columbia, immortal! illustrious renown
Her sons through all ages shall wear as a crown—
Increasing in glory, the isles are its gems,
Adorning the fairest of earth's diadems.

Columbia, my country! my heart's only home,
My spirit ne'er sighs from thy portals to roam.
Our God is our refuge, our fortress and power,
Our buckler and shield—our defender and tower!

TO COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(Composed in the main during Campaign of 1912.)

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!

We're sure to win;
Though the currents may oppose—
The tides come in;
Surge on, surge, they mount above
To strike the stars;
Now, with soft caress of love
O'er shingly bars.

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!

This is our cry;
He's the man our foes so dread;
They look and fly;
But they who stand and they who flee
Alike despair;
Never grafter's face we see,
While Roosevelt's there!

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!

Who can but cheer?
Let the people rule, all
Machines to the rear!
True Progressives loud proclaim
These their mandates,
Mollycoddles hide for shame
With hyphenates.

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!

The tried and true;
Millions marching in our ranks—
The "Boys in Blue"
With "Boys in Gray," merrily,
The cause acclaim
And spread abroad, cheerily
Our leader's fame.

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!

For a square deal;
Special privilege to none—
Thou shalt not steal.
Armageddon's vale defend!
Fight dauntlessly
For our leader's cause contend—
'Tis equity!

Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt!
Why shed a tear?
Other leaders may be dead,
His spirit's here.
We follow on, we follow on
The "Long, Long Trail";
Our fealty is his guerdon;
He shouts, "all hail!"

THE SKYLARK.

The lark soaring sings;
His melody rings,
Enriching the splendor of morn;
Illuming the sky,
Night-revelers fly
To starlight's mysterious bourne.

A-glitters the dew,
With sparkles anew—
Rejoicing at birth of a day;
Beguiling the hours,
Refreshing the flowers,
Inviting the lark's roundelay.

From shadowy haze—
A mystical maze—
Melodious echoes arise.
What mind may conceive,
What faith will believe,
The lark is awaking the skies?

What bird of the plain,
From mountain or main,
From forest, from lakelet, from dells;
What bird of the air,
Though blithesome and fair,
In soaring or singing excels?

Here hurricanes rage—
With warrings engage,
The thunder and lightning alarm.
To fairy-land soar!
Dismayings give o'er!
Protected from danger and harm.

With skies ever bright,
'Mid scenes of delight,
Your melody gladly renew!
There, sing us a song!
Enliven the throng!
We'll cast loving glances at you!

THE ROBIN.

Oh, Robin, dear Redbreast, why stand in the cold,
So wistfully gazing at me?
There's warmth in abundance across our threshold
And oceans of pure sympathy.
Why ask any question as how, when or where?
Why aught of suspicion display?
The banquet is ready, o'erflowing the fare,
For this is the festival day.
You're welcome, thrice welcome, partake of the store,
The table with bounty is spread;
And be not so doubtful approaching the door;
We'll care for you living or dead.
For what though the tempest may war from without,
And fight hard an entrance to gain;
Our windows are double; our walls firm and stout
Make fiercest of onslaughts but vain.
The smoke pouring forth from the chimney now shows
The embers are faithfully stirred;
The fire on our hearthstone with radiance glows;
'Tis calling for you, bonny bird.
You look as forsaken as Noah's lost dove,
With olive branch close to her breast.
The latch-string you'll find on the outside, my love,
Make this cheerful cottage your rest!

THE BLUEBIRD.

Aurora, fair maid, to sleep lull the night!
And Phœbus, awaken the day!
The bluebird exults to herald the light,
Diffusing its liveliest lay.
With jaunty blue coat and dainty red vest—
The colors that blend with the white;
Sing, pretty bluebird! we love you the best,
Your song thrills our souls with delight!

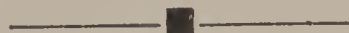
You're chaste and genteel, bewitchingly fair,
By nature exquisitely trained;
A gentleman born, the bird debonair,
To deeds of politeness ordained.

When dogwood's in bloom and violets start—
Announcing the entrance of Spring;
With sympathy's touch to heal the bruised heart,
You hasten on swiftest of wing.

While warbling from boughs, where melody dwells,
The love-song that Paradise gave;
Oh, joy unalloyed! your tiny throat swells
With trillings, so cheerful and brave.

As soothing as mothers that lullabies sing,
No note of the harp can excel;
Sweet-sounding as bells of Shandon that ring
Their message o'er mountain and dell.

You sing, happy bird, your soul-stirring lay;
Which oft near our dwelling is heard—
No songster of earth more blithesome and gay;
Our love to you, bonny bluebird!



WINTER.

Though, feather by feather, the airy snow falls,
Most surely, yet softly, the landscape enthralls.
The freezing earth shivers, the clinging vine moans,
The evergreen whitens, the sturdy oak groans.
The pale hue of death is beheld all around,
As blankets of snowflakes envelop the ground.
Exquisite the method, though ghostly the sight,
To bury the frozen in garments of white;
But no greater power could "Jack Frost" ordain
Than such potent slave to enlarge his domain.
Bright daffy-down-dilly and crocus, in dreams,
Feel touches of sunshine, hear purling of streams.
The dewdrop and violet patiently doze
Till Spring's busy fingers their eyelids uncloze.
Forget-me-not's soul in tranquillity sleeps;
While trailing arbutus with eagerness peeps.
The poet's narcissus with ecstasy thrills;

And dreaming in slumber, decks lakelets and rills.
The bee sips the honey, from blossoms derived,
It gathered with patience last season, and hived.
The crow in dismay raising clamorous caws!
To densest of pine woods for comfort withdraws.
The skylark and swallow in warm countries nest;
While robin and bluebird 'mid orange groves rest.
The Bolshevik "Bob White" to capital yields,
And, facing starvation, to plutocrat kneels.
While snowbird and sparrow to barnyards will flock,
The eaglet, in cradles of tempests, will rock.
The bright little chipmunk a refuge has found,
And sleeps like old woodchuck in bed underground.
The provident beavers are sheltered from harm,
And cotton-tail bunnies in dugouts are warm.
The squirrel in comfort now draws on the store
Of nuts, which it gathered the Autumn before,
The snowflakes, like mystical merry-go-rounds,
Are loitering never for leaps or for bounds:
While whirling and swirling they fall from on high,
Now dart to the earth, now return to the sky.
Like fairy-land warriors, to battle they go
In chariots of whirlwind, assailing the foe.
By tempest o'ertaken, with darkness o'erspread,
The snow seeks in vain where to pillow its head.
The wild winds and flurries in playfulness dance,
Quaint tracery of hillock and meadow entrance.
As deep drifts in billowy surges enform,
The voice of the north wind is heard 'mid the storm;
While following fast in his chariot of snow,
The blast of his trumpet re-echoing blow!
From sable clouds, flying, the muttering rolls,
The flash of the lightning high carnival holds.
Like mighty Niagara's thundering roar,
Like angry surge dashing on ocean's stern shore,
As noise of the battle when giants contrive
'Gainst heaven's artillery, wedges to drive.
Till coated completely by boisterous hail,
Armed cap-a-pie, glist'ning in ice-forged mail,
The fence-posts, like loose-sheeted guardians, stand
In ghostly array keeping watch o'er the land.
Icicles, as ornaments, spangle the eaves,
The tints of the opal bedeck shrubs and leaves.
Wherever we gaze over mountain and plain,
The rulers of winter omnipotent reign.

PART IX.

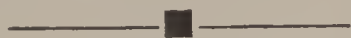
Capitalism considers human life the least sacred thing it can find. During the "World" war capital was rewarded with interest-bearing bonds, free of all taxation and with perfect security. Labor was paid three time peace rates. The wealthy were undisturbed in enjoyment of their sumptuous palaces. The fighting boys were conscripted for death, and shipped oversea with as little consideration as cattle. With peace restored, the profiteer refuses to grant the fighter a small bonus. If you believe in justice, speak out!

THE OWL.

A wise owl and I sauntered out one bright day,
My comrade had great deal, I little to say,
We knew for wisdom this bird's reputation,
And called on him for a brief explanation;
Just why in a land giving milk and honey,
One-half one per cent. had most of the money.
The wise old bird opened much wider his eyes
And looked in my face with most candid surprise.
He cleared his throat, and delivering a hoot,
Began to discuss the inquiry's that's moot.
In days long ago antedating the Flood,
When men were eternally thirsting for blood,
He set out to end brute aristocracy,
And make the world secure for democracy.
He got him some blood-hounds and had them well drilled
Their heads he patted and their stomachs well filled;
He taught them in packs the alert stag to chase,
And corner the boar in a suitable place.
The dogs got the entrails and slept on the floor,
If Bolshevistic, were kicked through the back door.
We presently find that war-making nations
Hold dominant interest in all corporations:

The priests and soldiers awed the meek of the world;
 Hired soldiers hurled darts,—priests anathemas hurled.
 If servants grow scant, and conditions apply,
 Start up a new war—bring in further supply!
 More tractable than hogs; should cause no surprise,
 They not only wrought, but kept clean their own stys.
 The barons and lords next promulgate their right
 To own everything that appears in sight.
 Who then does the work? Why, sure it's a disgrace
 For gentry to live in the sweat of the face.
 Why, surely it honors the laboring man.
 Supporting in affluence one gentleman!
 If you do not like work and the world would see,
 Be Sancho and follow a Don Quixote!
 As capital is a result—not a cause—
 No money is working that reaches their claws.
 Not all combined fortunes of Gentile and Jew
 Can cause two blades to flourish where but one grew.
 Two elements should enter the worker's pay—
 Exertion and need should possess equal sway;
 For why should the toiler, who drudges for four,
 Be fed as the slave, who is drudger for more?
 If this be sound logic, the same must be true,
 Why feed him as freely who labors for two?
 Go on to the finish—we soon will be done.
 Why feed him as often, who represents one?
 We use much more justice with hogs than with men,
 The sow with a litter has separate pen.
 She's fed with abundance of finest of chop,
 And gets every meal two pails of rich slop.
 Work by the Golden Rule till night brings you rest!
 Live by the Royal Law, God knoweth the best!
 For why should the boss, with a wife for a pet,
 Receive so much more than the laborers get;
 Who rear the children, that the town may survive,
 Who keep the State going and the world alive?
 Reincarnation will conditions explain,
 And show the foundation of capital's reign.
 The profiteer is a reincarnated hog,
 And strike-breaker a reincarnated dog!
 "The birds without barns or storehouses are fed,"
 From them let us learn how to gather our bread.
 By scratching and picking the trick is taken,
 The Lord owns it all—the trusts are mistaken.

Who ever in barnyard, in field or in tree,
 Saw one small feathered biped scratching for three;
 Except loving mother that cares for her brood,
 While aiding the helpless in amiable mood?
 'Tis true we have seen the old rooster, that's tough,
 Act very much like a big feast's not enough;
 For, scratching a fine, large, fat worm from the ground,
 With much eclat calls all the pullets around—
 The plenteous sweet meats with himself to share,
 Though barnyards be sterile and fat worms be rare;
 With cock-a-doodle-doo! and hip, hip, hurrah!
 He swallows it down to stuff fuller his craw.



THE HONEY-BEE.

We now will consider the small, busy bee,
 It ranks as best pattern of true industry.
 In science of justice and virile fair play,
 The bee offers odds to man any bright day.
 It adds its small mite to community's store,
 The weak get enough and the strong take no more.
 There's only one query—how much did you shirk,
 Not what did you earn; but how hard did you work?
 How can you expect that the bee, flying wide,
 Will gain as much sweets as the one alongside
 The hive which endeavors ambrosia to gain,
 From each tiny flower the nectar obtain;
 Or he that's a weakling and wanting in brain,
 And has to be coaxed to come out of the rain,
 To do the same work, show as much sweets and wax,
 As past masters whose brain no gray matter lacks?
 All teachers of true economics will claim,
 Within narrow limits, their needs are the same.
 All beehives have drones, the workers to cozen;
 But working bees throw them out by the dozen.
 On practical questions—believe it who can—
 They show better judgment than is seen in man.
 John Smith prays the State to grant him a charter,
 A railroad to build or in goods to barter.
 In this his petition, he's pleased to relate
 His chief object is to favor the State,
 For sake of economy tittles to guard,
 Despatch, safety, comfort to be the reward.

Despite the provisos laid down in the prayer,
He makes highest charges the traffic will bear.
Will take none of your slack—not any back talk;
Not having a ticket, of course you can walk.
Considering the goods, the price is too high,
In neighboring stores you may find a supply.
But be not confounded, for such is the game;
The goods are not better—the price is the same.
We ask a few questions—what these facts denote—
They, from the trade journals, right readily quote.
We seek these price-fixers, this answer we meet—
Their pointers came from Chicago and Wall Street.
We always had read when our freedom was won,
The government was seated in Washington.
The President and Congress are seated there,
And this is all that can be said on the square.
Consider that John Smith's objective is just
The same old project to pile up the gold dust,
That dazzles the eyes, and will cause one to see
As touching this beehive, he is the king bee!
The latest of secrets, so oftentimes heard—
It never was whispered by any bright bird,
Profusions of wealthy advantage bestow
And cause the oiled wheels of progression to go.
Were all the millionaires to vanish from view,
The wage earner would have but little to do.
Where mountains are highest the live engineer
Perceives the locomotive's task most severe.
If things were on the dead level it should seem,
The engine would use up a great deal less steam.
The weak get the wax, the strong take the honey,
The poor get the work, the rich take the money!
Aboard the treadmills proletarians grind,
The slacker sits idle—elect of mankind.
To put all the shirkers at work on the mill
Will give added force going up and down hill.
Perchance Bolshevism sounds like brimstone of hell;
Oh, absolute justice will do just as well.
If Biblical language, you rather would use,
Then Christian stewardship's the title to choose,
Not shadows but substance, should sympathy greet;
The rose, if named buzzard, would smell just as sweet.

THE TRUSTS.

Why do not the wizards of finance and trade
Improve on the plan that the Lord himself made?
Get up a huge combine to bottle the air!
Pre-empting the ground floor, you'll be billionaire!
Or build a great dam—store up water that falls
And sell it on options, puts, futures and calls?
Get up a big trust to impound the sunlight!
If you have no money two H's are bright.
A bow of promise, an arch planted on high—
God placed his most beautiful gem in the sky.
Will not a trust take it, get rich quick impound?
A huge pot of gold at its base might be found.
Concepts are big but execution bigger—
Few tricks are too hard for a thimble rigger!
Besides, don't you know that science is youthful
And politicians not venal, but truthful!
God owns, says the Bible, the silver, the gold,
The cattle, the mountains, the valleys, the wold,
But J. P. M. locks up the finest gold dust,
J. D. R. is running the Standard Oil Trust.
Armour, Morris and Swift get most of the meat,
And Joseph of Egypt cornered all the wheat.
The Guggenheims see that all the best copper
Finds safe anchorage in their little hopper.
E. H. G. most of the iron ore seizes,
W. H. O. much of the H_2O freezes.
A. W. M. is striving, with might and with main,
A strangle hold on aluminum to gain.
The Meat Trust corraled almost every steer,
Milwaukee's fame rested on Schlitz lager beer.
If for your kodak you should need a new film,
Call on Eastman first—you may get one from him!
The Salt Trust has all the salt's choicest savor,
A. F. of L. would organize all the labor.
A. A. C. C. controls the fertilizer;
The A. A. C. is a great advertiser.
The Biscuit Trust charges five cents for a bun;
And anthracite is eighteen dollars a ton.
Drawbaugh (and not Bell) made the first telephone;
And Volstead made U. S. as dry as a bone.
J. P. M. never made a small speck of gold,
J. D. R., not one drop of oil that he sold.

The Meat Trust no hair of a steer ever made,
 Or gave a good bargain in barter and trade.
 Armour, Morris and Swift still arouse our fears,
 This Joseph of Egypt has been dead some years.
 Since lager was voted out by the nation,
 Milwaukee's fame had a rotten foundation.
 Guggenheims none of this copper created—
 The slag from the metal they separated.
 The Steel Trust in sand molds, the sow and pigs seat;
 The rest is only the appliance of heat.
 And whence came the heat? The scientists maintain
 The Sun is the reservoir, source and the main.
 By use of ammonia the A. I. C.
 Can change Adam's ale to ice in a jiffy.
 What is the cold's source? Why scientists repeat
 Refrigeration is abstraction of heat.
 How much this explains let these scientists state,
 This elucidation is right up to date!
 The taxpayer is he who toils on the square,
 By his honest right arm pays his own carfare.
 Who uses no pass when he journeys abroad,
 Or travels the path which he often has trod.
 Who pays for his lodging, his boarding bill, too,
 The rent of his domicile—oft it is due.
 The grocer, the doctor, for water and light,
 For gas, wood, coal-oil and Penn's anthracite.
 The Gospel should get a most generous share
 And be a partaker of fortune and prayer.
 In terse words, concluding, we briefly will say:
 Who earning his board and keep, pays his own way.
 The tax bill is always a pretty round sum;
 It takes lubrication to make the wheels hum.
 The owners are oft but hot-air ejectors,
 And only the assistant tax collectors.
 You don't like the service—send message by mail—
 Then walk at your leisure—ride on a fence rail.
 You cannot read in the dark—buy some thrift lights—
 They save you much money these long winter nights.
 They sell them at cost and use little gas—
 They win from Sapphira and Ananias!
 If you don't like the water which they supply,
 Buy Appollinaris—those springs are not dry.
 The capital system's top heavy, 'tis plain,
 The poor do the hard work—the rich take the gain.

With too many rivers and not enough rills—
 With little of level and too many hills.
 The mountains are high, the depressions are deep,
 The level's a morass, the ascents are steep.
 The passes are guarded with many gun nests,
 Obsequious to capitalists' behests.
 No counting for taste, as the old woman said,
 Who kissed the old cow. To extort from the dead
 Is less to your shame than the living to rob,
 To strut at your leisure and play the nabob.
 He buys a fair maiden, who soon growing stale,
 He buys yet another more buxom and hale.
 What's done with the old one, what crop does she reap?
 She goes to the boneyard or to the scrap heap!
 This new costly limousine, though highly geared,
 Will soon be too sluggish for this old Bluebeard.
 Select any machine, whatever the make—
 The stronger the car, more powerful the brake.
 But, whether rich or poor, be they clad or bare,
 Examples of pure self-sacrifice are rare.
 One-tenth is the Lord's, all the tithers declare;
 The other nine-tenths must be Caesar's just share.
 Recall the fate of "The Interchurch Movement,"
 It rooted and flourished wherever it went.
 A fair committee made that famous report,
 That gave to the "Steel Strike" impartial support;
 When bang! went the "Movement" far up into space,
 And of it we find neither pieces nor trace.
 The report caused multi-millionaires to gnar,
 And hold from this good cause the sinews of war.
 If money can baffle the Lord's work, ah, then,
 It gives too much power to self-centered men.
 Millionaires drink the cream—the poor the skimmed
 milk!
 The poor wear shoddy—the rich, linen and silk.
 Dives lets fall crumbs from his table as boons,
 Humane dogs will lick the obscure beggar's wounds.
 Though viewed through charity's overflowing tears,
 Most wealthy are grabbers and rank profiteers.
 They wish to reduce the cost of construction,
 We ask the percentage of wage reduction.
 Adherence to honor compels us to state
 The man with least wages is greatest in rate.
 This shows up the whole case without the least doubt—
 The weakest of men are the easiest knocked out.

Don't feel so elated because you're astute—
 The black cloud of pressure may cause you to root.
 Surveyors who study to lay out a road,
 Proceed by the latest scientific mode.
 You never saw one to take from the level,
 The hill, already steep, still more to bevel!
 Of course not, he removes from the hill always,
 The bottoms to fill up, the levels to raise.
 Apply the same spirit to barter and trade,
 If planning to better the uneven grade.
 God uses this plan the soil to construct,
 He breaks down the mountains the vales to induct.
 For needs of nature this procedure is wise;
 For ridges that raise their tall heads to the skies,
 The process that meets with our approbation,
 Is boring right through the mountain foundation,
 You wish to make inquiry, why not pursue
 The plan used by God, having same end in view.
 Time, patience and toil, we usually find,
 Bring economic justice to all mankind.
 If God, rich in wisdom, evolution teach,
 Why should man in folly revolution preach?
 This is the verdict in which all will agree:
 Man works in time—God in eternity.
 The clouds in fleecy packs, sailed northeast today;
 There is a southwest wind the weather men say.
 Will scientists decipher this conundrum!
 Well, one is towards and other is from.
 Why should Old Boreas blow north, east, south or west?
 Why not stay at his home and take a long rest?
 Should he call at the front or at the back door,
 He's not at all times a welcomed visitor.
 Something whispered a word to the southwest wind—
 In far, far northeast, a vacuum you will find,
 The barometer sees a low pressure space,
 And you are now found in a congested place.
 The vacuum, by nature, is the most adhorred,
 Just why it is so there is no true accord.
 In what way that southwest congestion arose,
 You must ask the good Lord, for he only knows.
 Whatever the reason, the cause, the wherefore,
 The wind strives an equal poise to restore.
 And joined in one chorus with tides of the sea
 Support the methods of the Bolsheviki.

You smile in derision, an ark of the sort
 Built by these new Noahs will never reach port.
 Three miracles have chanced in this present age:
 Amendments thirteen, eighteen, woman's suffrage.
 And it's just as easy, a dummy may see,
 To put over the fourth as working the three.
 Are you smitten with fright to hear the word bomb,
 That hastened the trust grandee to kingdom come;
 That snuffed out his candle and set his soul free,
 Pronounced in your presence by Bolsheviki!
 The soldier that shows no traces of pity,
 With fire, gas and bombs, beleaguers the city,
 Is called brute! At the war's close this villain should
 Be made to tote water and cut up firewood.
 But let him, at leisure, encircle the town,
 To starve it, in a safe place, set himself down,
 This captain will have honorable mention—
 Be hailed as a hero and get a pension.
 You say, but there was no occasion to die—
 Just hoist a white flag in the face of the sky.
 Well, who willingly uses gas and nitrites,
 That frighten the days and illumine the nights,
 If he may reach the identical station
 By flower-strewn paths of kindly starvation!
 The terrorists use bombs to blow up their man.
 The capitalists use the starvation plan.
 What is the distinction, why are you so dense?
 We solve easy riddles in one brief sentence.
 The same as 'twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee,
 Or between the devil and the deep sea,
 Like difference between the weft and the warp,
 Or if by chance the axe be dull or be sharp.
 There is much surmise in our mind as to which
 Is more disgraceful—to live poor or die rich!
 In our system, life is a handicap race,
 The weakest and poorest are in the last place.
 Carrying six children when life's race is run,
 Contesting with rivals that carry not one;
 The race is oft won, the insiders well know,
 Before the scratch men hear the starting word, "go!"
 While ten to one is the accredited score,
 The devil takes the last—the farce is put o'er.
 To give (not get) is the secret of living,
 And sacrifice, the true measure of giving.

The wealth we possess is not our own treasure,
For we are but stewards at the State's pleasure.
No legal transfer of real estate is made,
Unless it be by the State's agent OK'd.
Why not weigh benefactions by what remains?
The miser is condemned for what he retains.
Who gives millions, and still has millions at call,
Will give nothing compared with him who gives all.
The poor widow who cast her mites in the plate,
Gave more in God's judgment than any magnate.

A SQUARE DEAL.

We're weighing Bolshevism, that bugaboo;
It sounds much less frightful to me than to you.
We hold it a general panacea;
A forward step, an advancing idea.
Bolshevism is the rule of majorities,
Aristocracy, rule of minorities.
For rights of property has but scant respect;
Private rights in soil they utterly reject.
The wealth of the earth—if created by God—
Is held in common, from center to sod.
To Jehovah alone their hats they will doff;
"For the world is Mine, and the fulness thereof."
One maxim they teach us: 'Tis a disgrace
To live in the sweat of another man's face.
Each man, in a measure, controls his own work,
Is not allowed by law his task to shirk.
He, who shares the profits, holds on with a vim;
You will surely get the most work from him.
Of course, all voters will with their friends hob-nob
And use every means to land the fat job;
But do not from his acknowledgment contend,
That the whole concern will come to an end.
It is the identical process we see
In the land of the brave and the home of the free.
Just watch the Democrats electioneering,
Republicans by hot air profiteering!
You say the unlettered, that use the shovel,
Who live in an alley and die in a hovel,
Do not know enough about business to vote,
Have only sense enough to push and to tote.

These same unlettered, you must freely confess,
 Each had a vote for President and Congress.
 To close this palaver, at all elections,
 We detect not a few unwise selections.
 While we love the red—it is so rich and warm—
 Variety of color also has charm.
 We cherish not a wish to see our flag furled;
 It is the most beautiful in the wide world.
 The only desire, to which friendship assents,
 Is, right the injustice the flag represents!
 Is there none? Let New Jerusalem appear!
 For we are sure the Millennium is here.
 God's Word says a rising of dead shall attend
 Gabriel's trumpet, that announces the end.
 We are not surprised that no Bolsheviks appear
 In first great risings of which we ought to hear.
 In burial grounds around, within our purview,
 Capitalists are many—Bolsheviks few.
 Capital (this is by W. J. Bryan told),
 Would crucify labor on a cross of gold.
 Why press on Russia's forehead a crown of dross
 And crucify her on a gold-plated cross?
 We're still on the cross, the Muzhiks testify,
 A million starving babes add their feeble cry.
 A fire round Russia repels ravenous ghouls;
 A girdle of steel her circumference rules.
 The first kept alive by the Bolsheviki,
 The second in place by capital's decree.
 The prize money given in Civil War days
 Was sifted through a ladder—a sailor says.
 What stuck to the rungs was the fore-castle's lot,
 What fell between the rungs the quarterdeck got.
 At close of the "World" war they counted the dead;
 Astonishment is great—Russia is ahead.
 Inquire, What nation lost the most in this war?
 You answer, What a dunce, France, of course, by far.
 Her towns are destroyed, her edifices marred,
 Her sod bestrewn with bayonet, shell and shard;
 Her vineyards and her forests torn from the soil,
 Fell war has turned to dust centuries of toil.
 A thousand graveyards reveal the fatal drain,
 The millions of graves guard the bones of the slain.
 You read the epitaphs—passing by perchance,
 The many tombs are not for the sons of France.

And Quentin Roosevelt sleeps where the lilies bloom;
 The stars of France keep watch o'er his honored tomb.
 Time, patience, perseverance, toil and skill
 Will beautify each ravaged vale and hill;
 But dead peasantry of Moscovitish stock
 Will never bare the breast to the battle's shock!
 It is in strict accord with God's plan, you cry,
 The weak must be slaughtered and the lamb must die.
 I'm old and feeble—where shall I get my fare?
 A pension is your portion the strong must bear.
 I do not ask for alms—would no pauper be!
 Man, you've earned a rest, be from labor free.
 Sure, it seems to me, this is a forceful plan
 That grants a competence to each toiling man.
 A fierce demonstration 'gainst Russia is made,
 "Bolshevistic robbers" have made a great raid.
 Well, Romanoff Samoderzhetsi, ahem!
 For centuries enslaved and exploited them.
 Where were all these blatherskitic bluffers, then,
 Who vehemently uphold the rights of men?
 They were not often seen—most likely never—
 One slave to release, one shackle to sever.
 But when these Muzhiks clamor for a square deal—
 To gods of battle make a fervent appeal,
 They seize the offices, the cash and the farms,
 The munition factories, the mines and the arms,
 They go, the Rough Riders never faster went;
 You say they violate the Eighth Commandment.
 Can't you understand, they've had another deal!
 Can't you read plain English?—"Thou shalt not steal!"
 We now lock our horns—the case is up to you;
 It seems to us—we have scanned it through and
 through,
 The factories, cash and farms are surplus toil,
 The harvest of centuries of sweat and moil.
 And since those Muzhiks gave most of the sweat,
 The property is their right is a safe bet.
 When our Negro slaves out of servitude went,
 Receiving not a "thank you" or a "red cent."
 When these Muzhiks were detached from the sod,
 Their only estate was liberty and God.
 What mines contain was by God directly made,
 Belongs to all the people. He himself has said
 That man must live in the sweat of his face,
 Not sweat of his brother or his father's grace.

Another text to meditate o'er and o'er,
To bind on your brow, to forget nevermore,
St. Paul was the first that maxim to repeat:
The man who will not work neither shall he eat.
If you have some men who are working for you,
Let them do your eating and your drinking, too.
He, who does his best, although that best be poor,
Does as well as angels—this you've heard before.
In early sixties we were likely to sink,
This bitterness of wormwood were called to drink;
When foes were in number like sands on the shore
With friends few and helpless dismayed and forlore;
The vultures of Europe were watching with zest,
The flesh of our carcass to choose what seemed best;
The Great Bear of the North reached out his strong
paws

And showed to our foes the extent of his jaws.
The Russians should have no good cause for regret,
Now is the best time to discharge this just debt.
The weakest argument, that any one gives,
Is capital must die if Bolshevism lives.
The laborer is the employer's slave,
No matter if the boss be fair or a knave.
Advantage for the boss must be his first care,
To breathe a cherished longing he does not dare,
Unless that idea be in full accord
With best interests of his master and lord.
He who advocates a Bolshevistic plan,
Is forthwith discharged, as a dangerous man
And found, if not curbed, to end peace and quiet;
To throw a bomb and perhaps start a riot.
The Bolshevik is the Muzhiks' defender;
"The borrower is servant to the lender."
Should you wish to know what the Bible contains,
Would you consult Ingersolls, Voltaires and Paines?
When on the exegetic sea you embark,
A trusty commentator is Adam Clarke.
Many ideas, we adjudge sane and sound,
May in the writings of Scott Nearing be found.
If the search of Bolshevism you would begin,
Inquire for the views of Nikolai Lenine.
Some ill-informed people think it as healthy
For poor men to drink rum as for the wealthy.
Why, you poor boob, it is no question of health;
But simply and solely a matter of wealth.

Should rich men have no stock of whiskey and wine,
 They may get for twenty bucks a quart of moonshine.
 Despite our warning and timely advice,
 The poor man would duplicate had he the price;
 But having no reserve to buy him a pall,
 He gets for a dollar some wood alcohol.
 Within a few brief hours his breath he will yield
 And get free transportation to Potter's Field.
 Do you call this injustice—a shameful deal—
 And cry day and night, "The Volstead Law repeal!"
 Show us the difference in any one thing,
 We'll own up we are beaten and quit the ring.
 The only exception we have heard of yet,
 Religion is harder for the rich to get.
 Oh! dull man; oh! dumb man; can't you comprehend!
 Don't look through the telescope from the wrong end!
 You claim justice will not work, not long abide;
 But we will not concur until it is tried
 By sympathetic men, who are brave and true,
 Always have a friend to keep tally for you.
 He, who loves his neighbor as himself, will see
 That neighbor has the same chance in life as he.
 Mr. A, with an income of thousands a day,
 Offers two dollars as the laborer's pay;
 Although he knows full well that toiler B's stress
 Equals his own, this is none of his business.
 The toiler is a shiftless, ignorant lob,
 If diligent he can get a better job.
 If God had designed him for a higher sphere,
 Much more gray matter in his brain would appear.
 You give not the least care to a man's great need,
 He gets what he earns and this is proper meed.
 A's healthy wife does not put on her own hose,
 Has to keep a maid to arrange all her clothes.
 Does not place her hand one dish to wash or dry,
 Has machine washer the brawn to supply.
 To furnish the meals, she has to keep a cook,
 The household linen, a maid must overlook.
 When she goes abroad has a chauffeur at hand
 And car to transport her if on dry land.
 If over the water, she should have a yacht,
 With crew of half a hundred and safe pilot.
 Adornments must be of diamond and the pearl,
 She would have as husband a duke or an earl.

Her days and nights are passed away in ease;
 Women of this class do about as they please.
 Should she have one child, it is a dreadful bore,
 She's ever after careful to have no more.
 To have more children is to her a kill joy;
 Besides will it not her proportions destroy?
 Must have a nurse to assume the baby's care,
 Governess, for boarding school, the child to prepare.
 She's out all the night and sleeps all the day,
 A Sunday school teacher trains her child to pray.
 That she's a birth controller cannot be denied—
 A great advocate of race suicide.
 (Were all the women now alive such as she,
 The beasts would own the earth in a century.)
 Does her own eating, and her own drinking, too;
 And this is all the work that she has to do.
 B's wife has only two or three pair of hose,
 They are frayed at the heels and thin at the toes.
 As to suits of clothes, makes but little display;
 The best she wears on Sunday and holiday.
 Washes each Monday, has washboard for machine,
 Runs by hand-power, her hand on it is seen.
 On Tuesday has to iron the dried-out clothes,
 Which is tedious work, each housewife knows.
 On Wednesday darns the holes, but one pair of hands
 Will take the whole day to answer all demands.
 On Thursday, cleans the house, sweeps and scrubs
 around;
 On Friday in the wash tub again is found
 To rub out a few pieces—the outfit's incomplete—
 Will not last the week through and be clean and neat.
 After working all the week and without pay—
 Who would want to take a rest on Saturday!
 Holiday on Saturday sounds good to me;
 Oh, that was only a little pleasantry!
 But Sunday, sir, is a day most surely blest;
 Sunday is a great combine of all the rest.
 You have not mentioned children, what is the score?
 She has six now and will take as many more
 As her Heavenly Father in his wisdom gives,
 She trains them for Heaven, while for them she lives.
 Like each gallant soldier that periled his life,
 A bonus for each child should reward B's wife.
 She's up before the Sun and works by candle light,
 She's busy all the day and far into the night.

She sings with gladsome heart ere she breaks her fast,
 'Tis a sign she'll weep before the day is past.
 What is her income? What do you think she's worth?
 She's worth a million to any man on earth.
 A's wife is a parasite, A's wealth to spend,
 B's wife is an angel, aid and cheer to lend.
 She's worth the diamonds, the rubies and pearls,
 Adorning the wives of a billion dukes and earls.
 The diamond is naught but crystallized charcoal,
 B's wife is a reasoning immortal soul
 Who will still survive when rubies and pearls
 Fade in the wreck of matter and crash of worlds.
 She respects the Royal Law and Golden Rule,
 In a feeble church teaches Sunday school.
 The children crowd around, her bright smiles to share,
 And hoary heads bow lower her gracious words to hear.
 The graces, truth and mercy, her life adorn,
 Like dew her love refreshes each dreary morn.
 Beloved by her husband, by each child carest,
 She blesses others and should by you be blest.
 Since she is so busy there is no time to weep;
 Oh! yes, while her spouse and children are asleep
 What does she treasure, what souvenirs possess?
 A baby's sock, a ringlet, a golden tress.
 Outraged justice to the Heavenly courts has flown,
 A nation will reap the seed that it has sown.
 A Nemesis guards her, ere our doom she seal,
 Grant this woman equity and a square deal!
 Don't wait till they reach Heaven accounts to square,
 We doubt if you'll find the wife of A is there.
 Don't call on God above justice to dispense
 Till you've raised your hand in Mistress B's defense.
 God's rule in Heaven does not require your aid;
 Our kind acts in time on earth will there be weighed.
 Let us strew mercy along life's dusty way,
 For soon the night of death shall close the light of day.
 Why, A, you are not a man; if this you see
 And raise not your voice and hand B's wife to free!
 Since strikes and bombs have for you no attraction;
 Suggest to B direct ballot box action.
 The most strenuous use more drastic attacks;
 The I. W. W. would smash the box with the axe.
 Some say, bore from within! some, bore from without!
 (Rivets have heads on both ends sturdy and stout.)

PART X.

A POETIC FANCY.

While reading this book you have possibly seen
The poor thing is feeble, tame, barren and lean.
If this is your thought, then mental correction
Will give it, at least, one certain perfection.
Perhaps you will say it's too bad to correct,
And you are too gracious the whole to reject;
Acknowledging this, you are in a sad plight—
The bumps on the log neither give up nor fight.
Forget misplaced accents and imperfect rhymes,
No doubt the attire is not up with the times.
We cannot portray man as William Shakespeare,
Or use jolly satire like J. Moliere.
We're no master of rhythm as Shelley and Poe,
No writer of romance as Scott and Defoe.
Who can such bright tales as the great Chaucer pen,
A doxology that equals Thomas Ken?
We cannot like Dante and Stevenson sing,
Or write pretty ballads like Rudyard Kipling.
To ape Homer and Virgil do not propose,
Or imitate E. Waller's Go, Lovely Rose!
To Goethe and Lowell we willingly kneel,
Who does not love Lady Nairne's Land of the Leal?
We lack flaming Isaiah's seraphic fire,
To Job's sublimity can never aspire.
We're not Deborah, songs triumphant to sing,
Or compose Psalms like David the Shepherd King.
Barbara Frietchie, of valorous renown,
Whittier asserts, took up the flag men hauled down.
Francis Scott Key saw by the dawn's early light,
The Star-Spangled Banner still waving in sight.
Emerson, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here, once farmers fired the shot heard round the world!
Oliver W. Holmes saved the "Old Ironsides"
From a lonely grave in the mud and the tides.

McMaster, In their ragged regimentals,
 But, yielding not, stood the old Continentals.
 Hopkinson wrote Hail Columbia, Happy Land!
 And Thompson, When Britain First at Heaven's Command!
 Edmund H. Yates advises Kissing the Rod,
 Luther says, A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.
 Thomas Gray gave us the greatest Elegy,
 Samuel F. Smith, My Country, 'Tis of Thee!
 Edmund Spenser indited The Fairie Queen,
 A more beautiful fairie never was seen.
 Mrs. Norton affirms Would I Were With Thee!
 Francis Quarles responds, Delight in God Only!
 C. Hankey sings I Love to Tell the Story,
 de Lisle, Ye Sons of France, Awake to Glory!
 Francis Beaumont advises Take Those Lips Away!
 A. H. Clough responds Some Other Day.
 William Tell was immortalized by Schiller,
 And the Sierras by "Joaquin" Miller.
 To Jacques de Sain Pierre we owe The Shipwreck,
 F. Hemans, The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck.
 George P. Morris exclaims Woodman Spare That Tree!
 Cunningham, A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.
 Black-eyed Susan enraptured Master John Gay,
 And John Dryden wrote St. Cecelia's Day.
 Nicholas Rowe brings to attention Jane Shore,
 Nathaniel Shepherd, Only the Clothes She Wore.
 Madam Guyon sings, A Little Bird Am I;
 E. W. Chapman, We'll Never Say, Good Bye.
 John G. Saxe gave us The Rhyme of the Rail,
 Stoddard King directs us on The Long, Long Trail.
 John Clare inquires What I Am Who Cares or Knows?
 Hannah F. Gould rejoices It Snows! It Snows!
 Eugene Field is the author of Little Boy Blue;
 O'Shaughnessy composed If She Only Knew.
 Ulrich von Hutten protests The Die Is Cast,
 G. I. Romanes has arrived Safe Home at Last.
 By Alice Cary, The Latent Life was sought,

Phebe Cary wrote One Sweetly, Solemn Thought!
 John Wesley declares We Lift Our Hearts to Thee!
 T. T. Lynch prays Gracious Spirit, Dwell in Me!
 Grant says While Gathering Clouds Around I View;
 C. D. Martin vows God Will Take Care of You.
 Charles Wesley directs Blow Ye the Trumpet Blow!
 Hosmer says I Little See, I Little Know.
 Robinson prays Holy Father, Cheer Our Way!
 Auber joins With Joy We Hail the Sacred Day.
 Kirke White wrote When Marshaled on the Nightly Plain,
 Damascus' John, Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain!
 Medley sings Awake! My Soul! to Joyful Lays,
 T. Oliver wrote The God of Abram Praise.
 Matheson, Oh! Love That Will Not Let Me Go,
 Adolphus, Fear Not! Oh, Little Flock, the Foe!
 Blandly shouts He Will Give Me Grace and Glory!
 James Gray, Oh! Listen to Our Wondrous Story!
 Bonar says Go, Labor On, Spend and Be Spent!
 Lanier, Into the Woods My Master Went.
 Elliott, Just As I Am Without One Plea,
 Havergal, I Could Not Do Without Thee.
 "Unknown" wrote Oh! Mother Dear Jerusalem!
 Phillips Brooks, Oh! Little Town of Bethlehem!
 Alford claims My Bark Is Wafted to the Strand,
 S. Stennett, On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand.
 E. S. Ufford directs Throw Out the Life Line!
 Fawcett says How Precious Is the Book Divine.
 J. Mohr created Silent Night! Holy Night!
 Rodigast, Whatever God Ordains Is Right.
 Hunter, My Heavenly Home Is Bright and Fair,
 M. A. Kidder asks Is My Name Written There?
 W. Tappen, There Is an Hour of Peaceful Rest,
 Rose Teller Cook assures us It Is More Blest.
 Muhlenberg exclaims I Would Not Live Alway;
 Hart sighs Oh! For a Glance of Heavenly Day.
 A. B. Hyde says Sinner, Hark! a Voice Within!
 Straphan states Delightful Task Young Souls to Win!

Ford insists How Vain Is All Beneath the Skies.
 Seymour exclaims Jesus Immortal, Arise!
 Bacon appeals, O, God! Beneath Thy Guiding Hand;
 T. Brooke would have God Bless Our Native Land!
 Orwig sings O, God of Peace, Thee We Implore!
 J. Grigg says Behold a Stranger at the Door!
 J. Stewart cries Holy Spirit, Calm My Mind!
 S. Wesley, Behold the Saviour of Mankind!
 Faber wrote Faith of Our Fathers Living Still,
 And Heber, By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.
 J. Conder gave Day by Day the Manna Fell.
 Spafford, It Is Well With My Soul, It Is Well!
 F. Pott heard Angel Voices Ever Singing;
 Meredith says The Bells of Hope Are Ringing.
 Barton cries We Journey Through a Vale of Tears,
 Gerhardt advises Give to the Winds Thy Fears.
 J. von Eichendorff recommends Morning Prayer,
 J. G. Holland claims There's a Song in the Air.
 Toplady wrote Rock of Ages Cleft for Me!
 And S. F. Adams, Nearer, My God, to Thee.
 M. Barber prays Prince of Peace, Control My Will!
 John Hay, Defend Us, Lord, From Every Ill!
 Waterbury, Soldiers of the Cross, Arise!
 T. Scott, Hasten Sinner to Be Wise!
 Walter Scott, The Day of Wrath, That Dreadful Day!
 M. Babcock, Be Strong! We Are Not Here to Play.
 J. Bowring wrote Watchman! Tell Us of the Night!
 J. Monsell, Fight the Good Fight With All Thy Might!
 Phoebe Brown, I Love to Steal Awhile Away,
 Andrew Read pleads Turn My Darkness Into Day.
 Kendal wrote The Song That Once I Dreamed About,
 Will Carleton laments Betsey and I Are Out.
 John A. Heraud delights in The Future Home,
 John Keats suggests Ever Let Fancy Roam!
 Marlowe pleads Come, Live With Me and Be My Love!
 Rossetti, She Listened Like a Cushat Dove.
 W. Barnes wrote As I Left the Road in May;

Cowper, I Am Monarch of All I Survey.
 E. Caswell sees When Morning Gilds the Skies;
 Anna M. Proctor commands Lift Up Thine Eyes!
 Coleridge says She Is Not Fair to Outward View,
 William J. Linton vows but She's Real and True.
 Heine says I Called the Devil and He Came,
 Shakespeare asserts Youth Is Nimble, Age Is Lame.
 James Hogg is lonesome When Maggie Gangs Away,
 John Sterling says 'twas On a Beautiful Day.
 William Collins rehearses How Sleep the Brave,
 Epes Sargent, A Life on the Ocean Wave.
 Stephen Foster composed Old Dog Tray,
 M. Oliphant, He That Will Not When He May.
 George Herbert, Sweet Day! So Cool, So Calm, So Bright.
 Rose Thorpe declares Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight!
 George Root wrote Just Before the Battle, Mother,
 Monahan, Tell Me of the Battle, Brother!
 George Cooper sang Beautiful Isle of the Sea
 And Mary Lee Demarest, My Ain Countrie.
 Alexander Smith described A Summer Day,
 Paul Barnes sang with spirit Good Bye, Dolly Gray!
 John Loker stands Tapping on the Garden Gate.
 Alfred Tennyson exclaims Too Late, Too Late!
 Thompson sang Far and Near the Fields Are Teeming,
 Linley, Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming.
 Thomas Campbell composed Lord Ullin's Daughter,
 And Harry Linn, You'll Never Miss the Water.
 Ann Lindsay indited Auld Robin Gray,
 Edward Young advises Be Wise Today!
 Charles H. Webb gave us The Lay of Dan'l Drew,
 H. Clifton suggests Paddle Your Own Canoe.
 Florence Percy sighs Rock Me to Sleep,
 Samuel K. Cowan wrote Out on the Deep.
 B. S. Barclay composed Come, Oh, Come With Me!
 L. Alamanni suggests, To Italy!
 John Suckling wants to know Why so Pale and Wan?
 Harry Vaughan, with pathos, states They Are All Gone!

Kipling composed On the Road to Mandalay,
 Calverly wrote Lines for St. Valentine's Day.
 Jane Taylor describes The Philosopher's Scales,
 And Chaucer composed The Canterbury Tales.
 James Montgomery speaks of The Common Lot,
 J. C. T. Schiller counsels Haste Not, Rest Not!
 Jonson warns Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes,
 And Gilbert concurs Perhaps It Would Be Wise,
 George D. Prentice wrote for us The Flight of Years,
 Nickolaus Miller, The Paradise of Tears.
 R. Barnfield sang As It Fell Upon a Day,
 T. Heywood recommends Pack Clouds Away.
 Alexander Pope, The Universal Prayer,
 E. G. Taylor prays Meet Me There,, Meet Me There!
 E. Landon sings The Setting of the Polar Star,
 Samuel Lover composed The Lowbacked Car.
 Frank Stanton tells me in rhyme What Bothers Him,
 James Whitcomb Riley says The Ole Man and Jim.
 John R. Wreford, Lord, For All Mankind We Pray!
 H. J. Vandyke, God, Defend America!
 George Henry Calvert praises Washington,
 H. W. Longfellow gave us The Day Is Done.
 Charles Jefferys, You Speak of Sunny Skies to Me,
 Charles Mackay praises The Miller of the Dee.
 John Boyle O'Reilly composed My Native Land,
 James R. Randall, Maryland, My Maryland!
 Byron says She Walks in Beauty Like the Night,
 Wordsworth states She Was a Phantom of Delight.
 Goldsmith wrote an Elegy on Madame Blaise,
 Thomas Moore the ode, The Light of Other Days.
 Charles Kingsley travels Across the Sands o' Dee,
 Henry Francis Lyte implores Abide With Me.
 Huntington, Oh! Think of a Home Over There!
 William M. Thackeray, The Cane-bottomed Chair.
 The Old-arm Chair was penned by Eliza Cook,
 Lydia M. Child addresses My Mother's Book.
 Kosengarten gives The Amen of the Stones,



Thomas Noel, with sarcasm, Rattle His Bones!
 Annie H. Cudlipp, He Cometh Not, She Said,
 Isaac McLellan composed New England's Dead.
 Eliza Ward speaks of The Gates Ajar,
 Thomas Page tells what happened Befo' de War.
 T. Macaulay sings The Lays of Ancient Rome;
 John Howard Payne wishes for Home, Sweet Home!
 Louisa M. Alcott calls for Jack and Jill,
 M. B. Wallace wants The Sword of Bunker Hill.
 Newton states In Evil Long I Took Delight;
 J. H. Newman supplicates Lead, Kindly Light!
 W. W. Walford praises the Sweet Hour of Prayer,
 Charles M. Filmore prays Tell Mother I'll Be There!
 E. Rexford sang Silver Threads Among the Gold,
 Mistress Luke, The Sweetest Story Ever Told.
 Philip P. Cook is in love with Florence Vane,
 T. B. Aldrich, Before and After the Rain.
 Arndt composed What Is the German's Fatherland?
 Lewis Morris gave to us Dear Little Hand.
 Joseph Addison recommends Divine Care,
 Eastman, The Farmer Sat in His Easy Chair.
 J. Q. Adams related The Wants of Man,
 A. H. Everett, A Young American.
 Walter Raleigh sang Go, Soul, the Body's Guest,
 J. Racine, Dispensing Light at His Behest.
 Boccage wrote an ode on The Wolf and the Ewe,
 J. F. C. Delavigne describes Waterloo.
 W. Hamilton says Busk Ye, My Bonnie Bride,
 E. Hamilton speaks well of My Ain Fireside.
 H. Drachmann asserts Father Is Out at Sea,
 William Knox wrote Lincoln's choice, Mortality.
 R. B. Sheridan commands Let the Toast Pass,
 Samuel Butler satirizes Hudibras.
 Bret Harte first introduced The Heathen Chinees,
 Walt Whitman, an ode to Immortality.
 Julia Pardoe describes The Beacon Light,
 Halpine avers O'Ryan Was a Man of Might.

William P. Palmer speaks of The Smack in School,
 Prior says Every Poet Is a Fool.
 E. Lazarus wrote The Banner of the Jew,
 Hallevi gave The Hope of the Hebrew.
 Mary Howitt asks And Is the Swallow Gone?
 Charles James Lever composed The Widow Malone.
 Robert Southey created The Magic Thread,
 T. O'Hara wrote The Bivouac of the Dead.
 John Finley composed The Bachelor's Hall,
 Nora Perry speaks at length After the Ball.
 Henry Clay Work wrote The Year of Jubilee,
 B. Taylor, From the Desert I Come to Thee.
 Charles Lamb sighs When Maidens, Such as Laura, Die,
 James Shirley responded with The Lullaby.
 A. V. Rydberg protests We Shall Meet Again,
 W. Praed says I Met Him at Three Score and Ten.
 Richard Crashaw composed The Two Similes,
 Bonaventura, Adestes Fideles.
 W. H. Furness speaks of The Eternal Light,
 Pratt wrote Over a Little Bed at Night.
 A. C. Swinburne recommends Kissing Her Hair,
 John Still composed Back and Side, Go Bare, Go Bare.
 de Montyon introduces the Devil's Wife,
 James G. Clarke, The Evergreen Mountains of Life.
 Robert Burns calls to mind Auld Lang Syne,
 E. C. Clephane gave us The Ninety and Nine.
 Sisters Goodale indited A Storm at Night,
 A. D. T. Whitney wrote Sunlight and Starlight.
 Blackstone gave A Lawyer's Farewell to His Muse,
 Lucy Larcom composed Hannah Binding Shoes.
 T. Holcroft tells the story of Gaffer Gray;
 Read replies My Soul Today Is Far Away!
 Edmund C. Stedman tells us What the Wind Brings,
 W. H. Howells, The Song the Oriole Sings.
 Richard Gall recited The Braes of Drumlee,
 W. E. Aytoun, The Burial March of Dundee.
 Gilder, Oh! Sweet Wild Roses That Bud and Blow,

Thomas Ken, Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow!
 Pierre de Ronsard hails The Return of Spring,
 William G. Simms addresses The Grapevine Swing.
 Henry Fielding indicates The Maiden's Choice,
 P. Owens says Give the Winds a Mighty Voice!
 H. R. Palmer cries Yield Not to Temptation,
 George Keith assures us How Firm a Foundation.
 Gourdon Robins has faith in The Better Land,
 Cornelius trusts Sometime We'll Understand.
 S. M. J. Henry declares My Father Knows,
 Stowell, From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.
 Shelley says The Sun Is Warm, the Sky Is Clear,
 E. T. Cassel states I Am a Stranger Here.
 Edmund C. Hancock composed St. Nicholas,
 C. C. Moore, It Was the Night Before Christmas.
 E. E. Hewitt cries, with vigor, Ship Ahoy!
 Sydney T. Dobell beseeches How's My Boy?
 G. W. Doane wrote Softly, Now, The Light of Day,
 Jeremy Taylor implores Lord, Come Away!
 Lydia Sigourney says Go to Thy Rest,
 Flora Kirkland suggests Do Your Very Best.
 Amelia Opie, The Orphan Boy's Tale,
 Babrius, The Swallow and the Nightingale.
 Hamlin Garland told us of The Winter Brook,
 Robert Browning gave us The Ring and the Book.
 S. C. Kirk insists He Keepeth His Promise,
 E. Dyer, My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.
 Celia Baxter sang of The Mussel Shell,
 John Trumbull introduces A Time-worn Belle.
 Annie Grant has pity for The Highland Poor,
 Allan Ramsay will see Lochaber No More.
 B. F. Wilson interviews The Old Sergeant,
 Richard C. Tench advises us Be Patient!
 A. A. Hopkins composed for us The Last Chime,
 A. C. Coxe says To Be Living Is Sublime.
 Grant Colfax Tullar would grow Closer to Thee;
 John H. Yates proclaims Faith Is the Victory.

Frederick Mistral describes The Fisher Folk,
 H. T. Chooley delights in The Brave Old Oak.
 James Merrick brings to view The Chameleon,
 Francis Mahoney rings The Bells of Shandon.
 Harriet Monroe sang The Land of the Free,
 Julia Ward Howe says it is Our Country.
 W. Spencer, The Spearmen Heard the Bugle Sound,
 Hester Thrace, The Tree With Deepest Root Is Found.
 Theophile Gautier chose The Close of Day,
 And Conrad Kirchberg The Merry Month of May.
 Caroline Gilman lives on the Plantation,
 Edward Everett wrote The Boy's Oration.
 Edgar Allan Poe composed Annabel Lee,
 David M. Moir eulogized Casa Wappy.
 Robert Bloomfield gave The Squire's May-day Banquet,
 H. A. Dobson supposes More Poets Yet.
 Elizabeth O. Smith gets Strength From the Hills,
 Robert Herrick wrote an ode To Daffodils.
 Thomas Carew speaks of Red and White Roses,
 Alexander, The Burial of Moses.
 Thomas Hood gave us An Ideal Honeymoon,
 H. E. Spafford, Happy Day of Happy June!
 Richard M. Milnes depicts The Worth of Hours,
 William C. Bryant, The Death of Flowers.
 John Byron gave us a Truly Loyal Toast,
 Richard Glover shows us Admiral Hosier's Ghost.
 J. Mosen tells the Legend of The Cross Bill,
 Robert Buchanan declares I See Thee, Still!
 John G. Lockhart wrote The Broadwords of Scotland,
 Sebastian Brandt, To a Suspicious Husband.
 Chapman claims They Say the Years Have Swallow's
 Wings,
 Paul L. Dunbar suggests When Malindy Sings.
 Earl of Dorset, All Ye Ladies Now at Land,
 Bulwer-Lytton, Bridals in Spirit Land.
 L. Ponce de Leon carols Night Serene,
 Mistress Crawford composed Kathleen Mavourneen.

Jean Ingelow completes The Long White Seam,
 William Dimond composed The Sailor Boy's Dream.
 J. du Bellay describes The Ruins of Rome,
 William Shenstone represents The Shepherd's Home.
 D. Jerrold wrote Yonder Is a Little Drum,
 John Luther Long assures us Some Day He'll Come.
 Karl Korner offers Prayer During the Fight,
 Robert Lowry prays Where Is My Boy Tonight?
 Mary Lamb is in suspense What Name to Chose,
 Edna Proctor vows Heaven I Cannot Lose.
 Ellen L. Moulton traces My Mother's Face,
 Sallie Marston proclaims Victory Through Grace.
 W. Watson from England to America,
 Banville avers Poverty's A Crime Today.
 W. L. Garrison aids Benjamin Lundy,
 R. Ferguson paints An Edinburg Sunday.
 F. Cozzens sighs Oh! A Country Home for Me.
 S. Y. Harmer suggests Rest for the Weary.
 Julian Fane is affectionate Ad Matrem,
 James Leigh Hunt introduced Abou Ben Adhem.
 Khayyam, with rapture, Oh! Morn of My Delight,
 W. E. Hickson petitions God Speed the Right!
 Nelly Talbot protests I'll Be a Sunbeam!
 Bernard Barton says Noble the Mountain Stream!
 J. Will Callahan gave the popular Smiles,
 Edward W. Gosse carols The Golden Isles.
 Fitz Greene Halleck wrote to A Poet's Daughter,
 Everhardt, From the Land of the Sky Blue Water.
 W. Hunter, The Great Physician Now Is Near,
 Charles Sprague emphasizes that We Are All Here.
 W. C. Martin, Though the Angry Surges Roll,
 Ellen H. Gates points to The Home of the Soul.
 E. M. Hall exclaims I Hear the Savior Say,
 J. H. Sammis advises Trust and Obey.
 J. A. Schleffer sings I Thank Thee, Uncrowned Sun!
 Carney prays Think Gently of the Erring One!
 Gibbons speaks When Jesus Dwelt in Mortal Clay!

Stephen G. Bulfinch, Hail to the Sabbath Day!
 G. Thrings says Fierce Raged the Tempest O'er the Deep!
 B. Beddome suggests Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?
 P. P. Bliss is Standing By a Purpose True,
 W. M. Lightball, Some One Is Looking for You.
 Motherwell asks What Is Glory, What Is Fame?
 E. Parronet cries All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!
 James G. Percival describes Seneca Lake,
 C. N. Catton says No Ills But What We Make.
 Mary E. Dodge speaks of The Two Mysteries,
 Philip Sidney contends True Beauty Virtue Is.
 C. J. Rossetti sings the Milking Maid,
 Edward C. Pinkney gave us A Serenade.
 R. Dodsley speaks One Kind Word Before We Part,
 Daniel Webster, The Memory of the Heart!
 S. F. Bennett composed The Sweet Bye and Bye,
 Mistress L. Shorey exclaims My Lord and I.
 L. E. Akerman gathers Nothing But Leaves.
 Shaw sings with gladness Bringing in the Sheaves.
 W. S. Smith gives the command Send Out the Light!
 Eliza Reed suggested Why Not Tonight?
 A. Warner wrote Jesus Loves Me, This I Know,
 James Nicholson longs to be Whiter than Snow.
 K. Spitta writes Ah! This Heart Is Void and Chill,
 Mistress M. A. Baker responds Peace, Be Still!
 Conway sighs I Know Not When the Day Shall Be,
 Dingelstedt pleads Tell Me, Floweret, Tell Me!
 G. Griffin views Sweet Adare, Oh! Lovely Vale,
 William Allingham sings To the Nightingale.
 R. Tannahill chirps Let Us Go, Lassie, Go,
 Edna R. Warrell asks Are You a Hero?
 Vincenzo Monti interprets The Soul's Doom,
 E. W. Wilcox says There Are Ghosts in the Room.
 Watkins affirms The Old, Old Story Is True,
 Webster, The Victory May Depend on You.
 W. Winter sighs Oh! To Think the Sun Can Shine!
 Davidson, Oh! That the Eagle's Wings Were Mine!

Charles Sedley anticipates The Growth of Love,
Willis, Stoop to My Window, Beautiful Dove!
Charles Wolfe says, with pathos, Not a Drum Was Heard,
R. H. Dana tells of The Little Beach Bird.
Freeman Clarke views with delight White Capped Waves;
Pierpont shouts Stand! The Ground's Your Own, My
Braves!

Theodore Parker describes The Common Good,
H. H. Boyesen gave us Hilda's Little Hood.
Edmund H. Sears adores The Angel Song,
Charles Reade pleads Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
Nicolai, O, Morning Star, Most Bright, Most Fair!
J. Scriven says Take It to the Lord in Prayer!
Bathurst asks Why Should Our Tears in Sorrow Flow?
Mistress Vokes, Behold! the Heathen Waits to Know!
Daniel Marsh states Here Am I, Send Me, Send Me!
Mary Brown, I'll Be What You Want Me to Be!
Zinzendorf, Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness!
Edward Mote, My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less.
Samuel Wolcott wrote Christ for the World We Sing,
Hattie Buell, I Am the Child of a King.
Tersteegen, God Calling Yet, Shall I Not Hear?
And Bethune, When Time Seems Short and Death Is
Near!

Edmund Jones, Come, Humble Sinner, in Whose Breast!
And Stockton, Come, Every Soul, By Sin Opprest!
Ray Palmer composed My Faith Looks Up to Thee,
And Wordsworth, Father of All from Land to Sea.
Williams wrote While Thee I Seek Protecting Power,
And Annie S. Hawks, I Need Thee Every Hour!
F. J. Crosby, Savior, More Than Life to Me!
Gladden pleads Oh! Master, Let Me Walk With Thee!
T. Dwight says While Life Prolongs Its Precious Light,
Joseph Swain, How Sweet, How Heavenly Is The Sight.
H. Ware shouts Lift Up Your Glad Voices in Triumph on
High!
Malan assures us It Is Not Death to Die.

Edwin Markham composed The Man and the Hoe,
Milton says The Lord Will Come and Not Be Slow.
N. Tate sings While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by
Night,
E. W. Shurtleff shouts Lead On, O, God of Might!
H. Zick gave us Love, So Beautiful and True!
D. T. Shaw, Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue!
E. Browning, He Giveth His Beloved Sleep,
Willard lies Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.
Wagner wrote Oh! Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star!
I. Ogden, Brighten the Corner Where You Are!
"Somebody" said Douglas! Tender and True,
John R. Clements asks Was That Somebody You?
Philip Doddridge exclaims Hark! Hark! the Glad Sound;
Helen H. Jackson replies Outward Bound.
Lathbury states Day Is Dying in the West,
Isaac Watts responds Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest!
A. A. Procter indited The Great Amen!
Rankin, God Be With You Till We Meet Again.
Since with none of these may we hope to aspire,
You think to oblivion we should retire.
No trace of discouragement have we felt,
But Washington and Lincoln equal Roosevelt.



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